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Chicago Without Daley
NEW CARDS IN THE OLD GAME
Paul Delaney

CARTER ON OIL AND GAS
Fudging Away From a Hard Line
James F. Flug

Should Dr. Kissinger Be Seated?
COLUMBIA'S ETHICAL RED HERRING
Michael Teitelman

Trouble With 'Sleeping Beauty' / Nancy Goldner

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LETTERS

union strike in the sun

Washington, D.C.

It is unfortunate that Harvey Wasserman ["Industry Hides from the Sun," *The Nation*, Mar. 5] was unaware of the activities of at least one AFL-CIO construction union which is working with great intensity for the development of solar energy for the heating and cooling of buildings. . . .

That union is the 170,000-member Sheet Metal Workers' International Association, which on our own initiative as well as in cooperation with contractors in the sheet metal and air-conditioning industry, has taken a very strong position in support of research on, and development of, solar energy projects. We have lobbied on Capitol Hill and in the halls of ERDA for funds for research; we have proposed tax incentives for those willing to experiment with solar energy installations; and we, like Mr. Wasserman, have been critical of the fact that far too small a portion of government energy research funds have been allotted to solar energy work. In addition, the Sheet Metal Workers' are carrying on practical activities to commercialize the use of solar energy in construction. . . .

Our activities are based on two assumptions: (*1*) there are jobs for our people if solar energy systems are recognized as feasible and economically practicable; and (*2*) we must join in every reasonable effort to cut down the country's dependence on oil imports from foreign sources. That dependence affects our national security and our national influence, and causes serious dislocations to the national economy through the pouring of billions of dollars a year to the somewhat astounded and not particularly appreciative Middle Eastern sheiks. . . .

Edward J. Carlough, General President

courage—with union backing

Jamaica Estates, N.Y.

Irving Adler and Benjamin Zelman's notes on the witch hunt for subversive teachers ["Aftermath of a Witch Hunt," *The Nation*, Apr. 9], caused some old scar tissue to quiver. In 1951, Queens College was in an uproar over the dismissal of Dr. Harold Lenz as dean of students. The pretense was that Lenz did not have the guidance background for the chores of an up-to-date dean, but there were few observers so naive as not to know that his work with the ACLU and his forthrightness on matters of free speech and academic freedom were the reasons.

In the next year Dr. Schlachtman of the Economics Department and Dr. Shaftel of the English Department got the ax under Article 903. The local AAUP began an investigation, and the fairly conservative student council appointed its Academic Freedom Committee, which I chaired, to draft a resolution. The student council's resolution condemning the witch hunts and dismissals was stopped by an unusual personal appearance at a council meeting by the president of the college, who gently chided us for our ingenuous misunderstandings of the law in all its majesty (i.e., Article 903) and the obligations it imposed upon him, and further pointed out how the resolution might be misread should it reach the newspapers. A student council made up of future professionals in "sensitive" fields, student teachers and ROTC cadets got the point; the resolution was stillborn, and we all went our separate ways while the Mundts, Nixons, Jenners and McCarthys steamrolled on.

Water under the bridge now! And no doubt because of the courageous fight of that handful of teachers who wouldn't give in, as well as the enlightened attitude of the more recent Boards of Education, as Adler and Zelman point out. But I am surprised by the lack of mention of the one factor above all others that explains the inability of political or pedagogical authorities to do the kinds of hatchet work that used to be done so readily to teachers, and that is the active presence of a powerful teachers' union. . . .

Albert F. Bauer

EDITORIALS

Washington High on the Hog

A traditional liberal view has been that government employees should be well paid. It was based on the idea that the "private sector" should not have an unfair advantage in getting the best talent to work for it, leaving the dregs to those who feed at "the public trough." It was a splendid policy, imbued with the notion of doing good, until wages began to snowball in the nation's capital.

Federal pay scales are now outrageously out of line. The inflation truly afflicting Washington is most conspicuous in the bureaucracy of the government, and it affects all three branches.

Consider the fact that residents of the Washington area now have average household incomes of $23,602, as that excellent publication *The Washington Monthly* points out in its April issue. That is by far the highest in the country, nearly $7,000 above the level of cities with reputations for affluence like New York, Los Angeles and Houston.

The federal government, of course, is the employer of first and last resort for the overwhelming majority of workers in and around the capital. Federal employees are the fat and happy beneficiaries of the "comparability" pay standard which was enacted fifteen years ago—that is, their compensation must be based on what private business pays for equivalent work. That has worked so well, or badly, that federal salaries now run about 20 percent above the "comparable" private sector's scale.

The trouble is that the bureaucracy itself sets the criteria of comparability, which means that ingenious government classifiers are constantly rewriting the criteria in their own interest, and therefore ever upward. Men and women in Washington get fancy pay for jobs whose description, in bureaucratic jargon, defies parsing and sense, not to say function. Enough to say that mere "secretaries" are scarce there but "administrative assistants" and "work-flow organizers" abound. "Typing pools" have disappeared and been replaced by "word-processing units," and so on.

Congress, which sets the standards and raises the money to pay for all this, is, naturally, in the vanguard. The pay of a member of that body has risen by 150 percent in the past thirteen years, though Congressmen blush and turn their heads when they vote themselves raises ($57,500 is the current stipend). Our lawmakers have also greatly inflated their staffs, building not-so-little fiefdoms here and there, until the cost of the legislature has risen to about $1 billion a year—18 times what it was thirty years ago. And as long as Congress is taking a comfortable ride on the federal escalator, its members deem it unseemly to curb the greed of mere bureaucrats.

This whole racket (not too strong a word) has caused a flood of applicants for civil service jobs—there are thirty for each opening. The judiciary is not exempt. The judges and their friends of the bar often complain that they can't make it on their wretched salaries (currently at $54,500 for the district judges). There is constant talk

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of a mass exodus back to the world of corporate law. Talk but not action. The "exodus" of the past two years has been at a rate of less than 1 percent for federal judges, an attrition rate even lower than that of Big Labor's aged leaders.

President Carter got to the White House in part by suggesting during his long campaign that, being an "outsider," he was equipped to make the executive, among other branches, lean and mean, riding herd on the huge federal establishment. Mean maybe, but hardly lean, has been its stamp so far. The White House staff, as *Newsweek* reports in its May 23rd issue, is now stronger by eighty "bodies," as they say down there, than the complement that manned it under Gerald Ford. (Part of the problem is the flood of mail Carter is getting, but he keeps urging people to write him, knowing perfectly well that their words will be weighed only in the physical sense, to measure the pros and cons by the pound.)

Not only have the numbers of White House staffers grown but their pay has shot through the roof. The man who carried Carter's bags most of the time during the campaign now makes $48,500 as "director of special projects." (That's loyalty and classic bureaucratese, both.) The 25-year-old who was making $6,000 at the Democratic National Committee now controls "the flow of paper" in the White House for seven times that sum. An assistant press secretary quit a $14,000 job as a reporter to pull down $48,500.

Carter says these people "are not overpaid . . . I don't have any apology to make." Perhaps he need not apologize, but he should do something about not only his own lush staff but about the whole gravy train in Washington. He ran against that sort of thing and, if he fails to curb it, Americans will soon doubt that he means anything he says. There have been various kinds of "gaps" in Washington in the past, beginning with Johnson's Credibility Gap. If things continue as they are now in Washington perhaps Carter's contribution to the political topography will be Sincerity Gap. A man can take a bad fall down one of those slopes.

Getting the Bugs Out

One of the more unappealing exercises of the CIA's black arts back in the Kissinger-Ford days was the spy agency's electronic eavesdropping on the Micronesian delegation that was negotiating the future of that vast territory with its trustee, the United States of America. Through the refinements of its bugging techniques, "our side" was able to learn what cards "the opposing side" —that is to say, the representatives of the 110,000 inhabitants of those scattered Pacific isles—were getting ready to play.

In December of last year *The Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward revealed this outrageous caper, apparently leaked to him by disgusted functionaries of Kissinger's State Department. The purpose of the CIA's game was evidently to enable Kissinger's team to maneuver between the factions among the 2,000-plus islands and block their desire to be independent. So much for the doctrine of self-determination to which we pay such ardent lip service.

IN THIS ISSUE

May 28, 1977

EDITORIALS

642

ARTICLES

646 Chicago Without Daley: New Cards in the Old Game — *Paul Delaney*

649 New Delhi Notebook: Euphoria in a Hot Season — *Pranay Gupte*

652 Carter on Oil & Gas: Fudging Away From a Hard Line — *James F. Flug*

658 Should Dr. Kissinger Be Seated? Columbia's Ethical Red Herring — *Michael Teitelman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

661 Lupo: Liberty's Chosen Home; Adams: The Boston Money Tree — *Sidney Blumenthal*

662 It's Your Name and It's Also December (poem) — *Ernesto Trejo*

663 MacKenzie: The Fabians — *Anne Fremantle*

663 After Planting (poem) — *Gregory Djanikian*

664 Petrement: Simone Weil — *Fernande Gontier*

665 At the Conference on Cold (poem) — *William Stafford*

666 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

668 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

668 Where They Lived (poem) — *William DeVoti*

669 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

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The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1977 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 224
No. 21

The Stanford Library
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MAY 2 2 1977

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What mattered back then was *Realpolitik*, and it was thought to be vital to the national security that no other power (guess which) get its dirty hands on those strategic dots in the ocean.

Now all that seems to have changed. The Carter administration, *The Washington Post* reported on May 16, has endorsed the idea of independence for Micronesia and sent a new set of negotiators out to Honolulu to make a quick deal to end our postwar U.N. trusteeship and set those islands free. Back of this switch lies the realistic notion that this country is in an odd, not to say impossible, position if it urges South Africa to drop its more ancient claimed trusteeship of Namibia while we cling to those potential military bases spread around the vast Pacific. And so the present, more enlightened U.S. policy toward southern Africa pays off for the islanders of Micronesia.

Micronesian officials are willing to go ahead with negotiations. But first they want a "full explanation" of the CIA's snooping last time around. It is hard to imagine one that would satisfy them, short of having Henry Kissinger appear prostrate before them in sackcloth and ashes, but they seem to be a forgiving sort. We would advise them, nevertheless, given the "rogue" nature of the CIA, to look under their beds, never to talk on the phone, and to play a radio while conferring.

Flights of Folly

The Concorde supersonic airplane flies about ten times faster than the Sikorsky S-61 helicopter but they have three things in common. They are disastrous vehicles, their use is limited to the very rich, and they are threats to the lives and health of hundreds of thousands of people around New York City who can never enjoy their supposed "benefits."

It was extraordinary luck that only five were killed when on May 16 the shuttle helicopter collapsed on the roof of the PanAm building in mid-Manhattan and its huge rotor blades became lethal as they fell to the street fifty-nine stories below. If the body of the damaged helicopter had slid off the platform and exploded in the street, scores of homeward-bound commuters would have been killed.

The only excuse for using the top of the PanAm building as a landing pad for those giant machines is promotion for the airline, which has been losing money. There are landing pads at ground level half a mile on each side of the PanAm building, along the rivers girdling Manhattan. It would add no time to the ten-minute trip to the airports to have the helicopters use these safe spots for their operations—but the promotional thrill would be gone. Recognizing that the thrill may cost too much in lives, Mayor Beame has taken the minimal step of suspending the flights, pending an investigation.

The issue of whether the Concorde, that speedy albatross, will be allowed to land at a New York airport is still being fought out in the courts, the regulatory agencies and the political arena. It has become ridiculously inflated, with the prestige of the French President and the British Government laid on the line. So far the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey has held firm against the pressures from abroad, and it should stick to its stubborn position.

This fast, shatteringly noisy vehicle (which also damages that vital atmospheric shield, the ozone layer) zips across the Atlantic in half the time of subsonic jets, but at twice the cost to each of its hundred-odd passengers. What its wealthy clientele does with the four hours they "gain," except boast about them, remains a mystery in the realm of comedy. Between them, Britain and France have spent billions they can ill afford on these extravagant toys. They have built sixteen Concordes and sold nine. Unless New York opens its airports to this rackety guzzler, the production lines will shut down and thousands of French and British workers will lose their jobs. Hence the engagement of the two nations' prestige in the fight against the nerves and eardrums of the unfortunate neighbors of Kennedy Airport.

Britain and France should, of course, find more useful work for those hands. The Concorde should be declared a gadget whose time never did come and one of them should be put next to the dodo in some museum of natural history. The label might read "Concorde: an extinct airplane, example of the folly of misused technology in the 20th century."

Respect for Law

The principle involved in the decision to prosecute FBI agents for illegal acts—and it is a crucial one—is that no public servant can be exempt from the full weight of the law. It is no defense, if we are to remain a society governed by laws and not men, that the illicit actions of electronic eavesdropping and break-ins were committed by law-enforcement agents in the interest of "national security," or under the orders of higher authority.

This is what is at stake in the prosecution of a former functionary in the New York office of the FBI and in the apparent decision by Attorney General Bell to reach higher into the bureau's hierarchy to bring all the responsible officials to trial on these charges. It is therefore dismaying, if not exactly surprising, to find that three prominent Republican right wingers have formed a committee to raise money for the defense of the FBI agents who will be brought before the bar of justice in these cases.

It is not the raising of money to help pay for the defense of these agents that is disturbing—every person is entitled to an adequate defense and a fair trial. It is, rather, the grounds on which the "Citizens Legal Defense Fund for the FBI" has chosen to stand. The fund-raising letter signed by former Sen. James L. Buckley, former Ambassador and Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce, and former Secretary of the Treasury William E. Simon, says that the one former agent who has been indicted for these actions, John J. Kearney, could have avoided prosecution by "blaming his superiors in the bureau" and it seems to praise Kearney because he "would not do so." He could not—or at least should not

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—so escape prosecution, and what he is being commended for would amount to a cover-up.

It is not only legitimate but necessary that the responsibility for these outrages by the FBI be fixed at the highest level. It would be a travesty of justice if the prosecutions stopped at the operative level, leaving the higher-ups untouched. The rampages of the FBI during the late 1960s and early '70s against the "radicals" who were absurdly presumed to be a threat to the national security were so scandalous that they have, naturally, tarnished the reputation of the bureau.

In only one way can the integrity of the federal police force be restored and that is by vigorous, impartial prosecution of the agents who broke the law. Unless that is done, the FBI will retain its current sinister reputation.

Cruel Hope

Right-wing extremism, commercial greed and human suffering came together in Indiana the other day to make that state the center of the sad delusion about the cancer-curing properties of the drug laetrile. A small group, numbering no more than 500 and calling itself the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy, which has links to the John Birch Society, pushed through the Indiana legislature a bill making the sale of the cyanide-heavy drug legal in Indiana.

It was an astonishing feat of grass-roots lobbying, according to *The New York Times* report of May 14; it is the more remarkable because Indiana is the only state with a physician as Governor, and he had vetoed the measure. Moreover, the leaders of both parties in both houses of the legislature, along with the state's Medical Association, were opposed to legalizing this questionable drug.

The commercial angle is introduced by the report that a chemical company in Indiana immediately made a large stock offering on the basis of reported plans to manufacture laetrile. The drug has been banned by the federal Food and Drug Administration ever since 1963 when exhaustive tests established that it was useless in the treatment of cancer.

The motivation of cancer victims in this matter is clear and one cannot lack sympathy for it. Medical science has failed to find a total cure for this dreadful disease, and those who are condemned to die of it naturally seek relief from its terrors wherever they imagine it to exist. The evidence of science against the properties claimed for laetrile cannot stifle desperate hope, however illusory.

The motives of the right-wing "libertarians," however, are something else again. Their normal stance is against the government in everything it does or tries to do. The campaign against the fluoridation of water supplies to improve dental health is typical of their attitudes—public health is none of the government's business. Better rotten meat, poisoned vegetables and harmful (because useless) drugs, they would say, than allowing Uncle Sam to look over your shoulder. Let unrestrained competition decide what is good or bad for us to consume.

Most Americans have no patience with this quaint idea, even though they may sometimes question the efficiency and even the integrity of the federal health regulators. But occasionally, as the Indiana laetrile case shows, the anti-regulation extremists can buck the consensus and impose their views on the majority. The recent abrupt action by the FDA in banning saccharin, after long years of its apparently benign use, appears to have contributed to the climate that made the Indiana action possible. That agency has a problem with its credibility.

It is proper to feel for the victims of cancer who want access to this discredited drug. It is even possible to understand the reasoning of the zealots who make this a cause for individual liberty, however much one disagrees with them. But for those who would make the fight to legalize laetrile a political crusade and, even more, for those who would profit from its exploitation at the expense of sick people, one can have only contempt.

The Task for Eleanor Norton

Eleven years before her recent appointment as head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, Eleanor Holmes Norton wrote in *The Nation* (May 2, 1966) that "The search for more dynamic progress daily turns Negroes to politics to replace the old reliance on court decisions." She was referring to the voter registration drives and civil rights activism that in the turmoil of the 1960s seemed to offer real possibilities of rapid advance toward racial equality. Today the entry of blacks into politics appears less promising; although progress has been made, the decline of the mass movement and the lackluster performance of some black elected officials have made it clear that the "old reliance on court decisions" cannot be abandoned altogether. In fact, Norton herself exemplifies the strategy of battling on two fronts —the legal and the political—and in naming her to the EEOC post, President Carter has made a laudable choice. She is the right person at the right time.

As a lawyer, activist, administrator and public official accustomed to infighting, Norton combines in one determined personality the skills required for the big task that faces her in Washington. She has worked as a lawyer with the ACLU, as an assistant to Mayor Lindsay of New York, and for the last seven years as head of the city's Commission on Human Rights. In a municipal bureaucracy famous for its clumsiness, her agency is known for its smooth operation; and in an era of economic decline, which often strikes the disadvantaged first and hardest, she managed to win victories for affirmative action in Civil Service hiring. Her name and energies have contributed to countless civil rights struggles.

No doubt Ms. Norton will be severely tested at the EEOC. The agency is reported to be in dismal shape: understaffed, underfunded, and rendered virtually directionless by countervailing winds of pressure. Since 1965 no less than seven chairmen have headed the EEOC, and staff morale is low. The backlog of job discrimination cases now stands at 130,000, so that it often takes years to resolve a complaint.

The EEOC could and should be an important tool for ending discrimination based on age, race, sex and/or disability. If anyone can forge that tool, it is Eleanor Holmes Norton. We wish her well.

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CHICAGO WITHOUT DALEY

NEW CARDS IN THE OLD GAME

PAUL DELANEY

Chicago

When Chicago puts on an election, it is a production unique among American cities. With the regular Democratic organization—that's the machine—as producer, the outcome is as predictable as a hit-man's aim. It is expected that the general election on June 7 (to fill the two years remaining in the term of the late Mayor Richard J. Daley), like the primary election last month, will show that the machine is still pretty much in charge. Throughout its history, and especially during the twenty-some years of Daley rule, the Cook County Democratic organization, except for a few memorable lapses, has provided jobs for its troops, money and power for its friends and leaders, and victories for its candidates.

But while the June election won't necessarily change that, there is an uncertain feeling among the machine politicians about a future without Daley. They can sense change, and it is a strange sensation for people who are militant protectors of the status quo.

In Chicago, chicanery and politics blend well. It was the machine, some say, that illegally gave John F. Kennedy the votes he needed to carry Illinois and win the election. During Election Night in 1960, the story goes, Robert Kennedy called Daley and asked by how many votes his brother was carrying Cook County. Daley was said to ask how many were needed. The electorate here is not much surprised by reports that supporters of a shoo-in candidate have intimidated those of his closest rival by such acts of vandalism as breaking windows and tearing down posters. Here, probably unlike many other major cities, residents don't expect their politicians to be honest, and wouldn't believe in an honest politician if such a creature could be found. Thus, the machine candidate in the current race, Michael A. Bilandic, was linked to conflict-of-interest voting when he was an alderman; his principal opponent, state Sen. Harold Washington, once served time for failing to file income tax returns, and was disbarred from practicing law on charges of failing to provide services to clients who had already paid him, and Edward V. Hanrahan, who also aspired to Daley's scepter, was for most of the campaign involved in a civil lawsuit arising from the death of two Black Panther leaders during a raid on Panther headquarters in 1969, when he was State's Attorney.

In this city, steeped in the Richard Daley school of political science, that's politics, and only a few people seem to mind. The recent primaries showed the machine still very much intact, but with wrinkles that will require change that might be taken for reform. For one thing, both supporters and anti-machine Democrats are convinced that the machine must accommodate the ambitions of its black politicians and somehow please the huge but highly disoriented black population. With Daley gone, the organization can't expect for long to buy the loyalty of the blacks with a pittance.

Thus far, however, the machine without Daley is still the machine. That's what the majority, including the black majority, still wants. Political thought here is geared to the idea of ward politics, much as American political thought revolves around the notion of two parties. During the campaign, anti-machine and nonmachine Democrats have tried to break out of that restriction by appealing to their supposed natural constituencies, their racial and ethnic kin. The machine's array of races and nationalities has, as usual, proved overwhelming. Nevertheless, as sure as summer's heat brings racial strife to the Marquette Park section—as it did a decade ago when Martin Luther King Jr. demonstrated there for open housing—change is simmering to a boil in this troubled and divided city. How fast it will come and how sweeping it will be, no one can say at the moment.

In the April primary, the Polish revolt that Roman C. Pucinski counted on did not materialize. The former Congressman and now alderman carried his own 41st Ward, but lost the heavily Eastern European 7th, 10th, 12th and 23rd Wards, his "natural constituencies."

The black-white liberal, anti-machine coalition proved itself as impotent as ever. Its candidate, Harold Washington, is a black state Senator, but he could not carry the black vote—not even his own ward, which he lost to Bilandic by nearly 2 to 1. William Singer, a former alderman and darling of the independents, stayed out of the race and out of the primary action altogether, refusing to support a candidate. Independents and "lake-front liberals" followed his lead by shunning the polls. In a losing campaign two years ago against Daley, Singer had rallied independents and liberals. It had been thought that, with the boss now dead, he could this time pull the independents together more successfully. Only, he didn't feel he could, and he was probably right. He has decided to save himself for a shot at the four-year term in 1979. But his inaction this year infuriated the backers of Pucinski and Washington.

In short, Bilandic and the machine won, as everyone expected, but the mandate they sought proved elusive. He won easily, but by a not really impressive 50.3 percent. Workers in this last stronghold of big-city ward politics had hoped to make the margin large enough to convince any would-be challengers that even with a lackluster candidate like Bilandic—dubbed "the bland" by *Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko—the machine could still deliver; that, bereft of Daley, it nonetheless retained its awesome power. But the final count showed that the machine had come dangerously close to delivering only the 300,000 automatic votes it can parade to the polling booths at any time; it rang up only 68,400 votes above that number. This was taken as evidence of at least a crack in the machine, and unless Bilandic is a highly

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effective Mayor after he wins the June 7th general election against Republican Alderman Dennis H. Block, a race no one seems to expect him to lose, the machine may be forced to look around for a more appealing candidate two years from now. Or make changes within the party structure to satisfy some of the restive minority and younger members and constituents.

"The changes are already coming. That's the only way the party is going to survive, by making changes," declared John H. Stroger Jr., a regular Democrat and member of the Cook County Commission.

Some change is already evident. It began with a struggle before Daley was buried. Carving up his kingdom, the white power brokers were forced to acknowledge the problems they would face if they completely ignored the demands and ambitions of their fellow blacks. In those hectic moments, white and black politicians were insecure and uncertain of the future. The whites didn't want to alienate too deeply the blacks they will probably need in the coming election; black politicians at first tried to grab the Acting Mayor's post, but were unsure of their chances. Even today they disagree on whether they should have given their votes to one of their own instead of to Bilandic. To quiet the claim of Wilson Frost, the black president pro tem of the City Council, to the position of Acting Mayor, the power brokers—including Croatians Bilandic and Alderman Edward R. Vrdolyak, the Polish Pucinski and Alderman Casimir C. Laskowski and a host of Irishmen, like Alderman Edward M. Burke and George W. Dunne, chairman of the County Commission—named him chairman of the powerful Aldermanic Finance Committee. Black Alderman Clifford Kelley said "Daley must be turning over in his grave" at the thought of Frost as chairman of Finance. To appease the Poles, the position of Vice Mayor was created and given to Laskowski. A legal fight has developed over whether the council has the authority under state law to set up the post.

There were additional straws in the wind. Acting Mayor Bilandic agreed to drop the appeal of a suit in which a federal court found the city guilty of racial and sex discrimination in police hiring and promotion policies; Daley, incensed over the quotas imposed by the federal judge, had authorized the appeal, and probably would have ordered his ward leaders to keep complaining blacks in line. Further, the state comptroller has urged party leaders to call a special convention this summer to restructure and broaden membership on the state central committee, thus assuring greater participation by women and minorities, and to seek unity in order to avert crippling fights. Such a suggestion would have been scoffed at by Daley.

A significant immediate sign of change is the peace between Bilandic and Pucinski. Some party leaders wanted revenge; they wanted the Alderman punished for his transgression, to see party rule enforced in the cause of discipline. There had been some exceptions to party rule in the past, as when Vrdolyak, defying Daley, ran for county assessor against the machine's candidate; but because Vrdolyak made such a good showing, he was not drummed out of the party. Probably for the same reason, Bilandic decided it was the better part of wisdom to shake hands with Pucinski. "Bilandic is going to need all the help he can get," one machine Democrat remarked.

Some staunch Daley supporters really seemed to believe he would defy death, just as he had defied federal courts and federal laws, regulations and orders. The intra-party struggle within hours of his death was reminiscent of a Politburo fight. In a city that he had completely dominated for more than two decades, where elections resembled those in Moscow or Seoul, and where political leaders were forbidden to question their orders, the confusion was understandable. To the participants in the series of meetings, the common link was adherence to what Mike Royko called the motto of Chicago politicians, "Where's mine?" Wilson Frost got his and Casimir Laskowski got his.

But before the pie was cut, behind-the-scenes maneuvering was intense, sometimes childish, often sad, occasionally funny and typically Chicago. One incident, involving blacks, showed just how crude, cruel and unfair Chicago's brand of politics can be, and exposed the weakness of the city's largest single ethnic group. For a few days, the prospect of Frost as interim Mayor excited blacks. It seemed natural, since the Alderman had stood in for Daley while he recuperated from a stroke three years ago. But if blacks were excited, Daley's white friends and surrogates were in agony. Nonelected Daley assistants barred Frost from entering the late Mayor's fifth-floor chambers, and from holding a press conference in the fifth-floor conference room. When he finally held it in the council room, workmen were sent to drown him out with their hammering.

Despite that, Frost continued to press his claim, declaring, "I am the Acting Mayor." He was supported by sentiment in the black community that was rising to a critical intensity amid charges of racism against those who were blocking him. At the same time, however, the Royko motto came into play and the support of the other thirteen blacks on the council began to crumble. Publicly, they said they didn't think he could win; privately, in true machine fashion, they were being pressured to withdraw their support or risk losing everything (patronage is everything in Chicago ward politics) they had built up in the party. Many supporters of the Alderman were bitter; some promised retaliation. And this black reaction was not lost on the white power brokers. They had been witness to the havoc an angry black electorate can wreak on the machine. They remembered that it had dealt Daley a severe blow last year by voting for Rep. Ralph H. Metcalfe, who had confronted Daley on the issue of police brutality, returning Metcalfe to Congress overwhelmingly after an emotional campaign against the Mayor's handpicked candidate. They also recalled that an angry black community toppled Ed Hanrahan after the Panther raid, voting in a Republican as Cook County State's Attorney (a position more important to Daley and the machine than Metcalfe's seat). Therefore, the white politicians made the deal with Frost.

But before that happened, the Rev. Jesse Jackson took the stage. The civil rights leader and president of Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity) was swift

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to capitalize on the controversy. He planned a symbolic "swearing-in" ceremony for Frost as the city's first black Mayor at one of PUSH's Saturday morning meetings. The deal for the Finance Committee chairmanship was clinched the night before, leaving Jackson holding the Bible with no Acting Mayor to swear in. Nor did that end the spectacle of the city's frustrated third of the population frantically seeking to field a candidate in the primary race. What followed was the best demonstration of a lack of political sophistication. Various groups sprang up as search committees, aided by individuals, to discover a black candidate. Jackson was deeply involved, threatening at one point to run himself if a suitable person could not be found. Then the committee on the West Side accused the committee on the South Side of being elitist. The names of talented blacks were tossed back and forth, among them Thomas N. Todd, a lawyer; State Sen. Richard H. Newhouse, who ran two years ago and finished third, and Warren Bacon, a steel company executive. But they all declined, either because of the bickering or because they foresaw that no one could come up with funds sufficient to run a decent campaign. Washington was in, but dropped out when Metcalfe refused to support him. Washington later entered to stay. One committee had settled on Robert L. Tucker, an attorney and associate of Jackson, but he had troubles of his own—there were court judgments against him, including claims by a former partner regarding funds in unsuccessful business ventures, and his run was short.

On the Sunday before the election, five black machine Democrats were seated nervously in front of black journalists in the meeting room of Army and Lou's Restaurant on the South Side. The elected officials, four Aldermen and Stroger, the county commissioner, had agreed to discuss with the newsmen why they were supporting Bilandic rather than Washington. The politicians were fidgety and defensive. The usual charges of "Uncle Tom" from liberals and independents had been intense this year after the politicians refused to support Frost in his drive for the symbolic honor of serving as Acting Mayor till June. Some of the journalists were surprised, and pleased, when the politicians accepted their invitation; some felt it would not have happened were Daley still alive.

The session opened on a curious note: Stroger complained that machine blacks were ineffective partly because the journalists, and therefore the black community, give them little respect and support. Thus, their ability to deal with the white machine bosses was fettered, their credibility hurt. He urged reporters to be more understanding and more supportive.

Then Stroger, who speaks with traces of a Southern accent and a mild impediment, and the other guests went on to attack liberals and independents, as well as other black leaders. In their defensiveness, they made some incredible claims that contradicted the complaints about their effectiveness being threatened by nonsupport. For example, Alderman William Barnett, who inherited the ward of the late and powerful Rep. William Dawson, insisted that black machine leaders had chosen Edwin France, an aide to Daley, to run against Metcalfe last year. All of Chicago had thought, on the contrary, that the Mayor made that decision and imposed it on the black community in his zeal to punish the erring Congressman. It was that kind of statement, believed by no

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reporter in the room, that hurt the credibility of the politicians. From then on, the meeting deteriorated into a confrontation. If it was at all predictive of black politics, of black unity, in the city, then that future is dim.

Jesse Jackson is regarded by many as the best rhetorician among black leaders today. He has a way of grasping issues and reducing them to the lowest common denominator of understanding—usually oversimplifying for effect. But it didn't take a Jesse Jackson to deduce the fact that if Poles and blacks could overcome the deep hostility they hold for each other, they could decide elections in this town. Any street person who can count could figure that out. Nevertheless, Jackson repeated it again at a recent Saturday morning meeting. He said the destiny of blacks was not with white liberals and independents "who deal out a few peanuts once in a while." He declared that the two groups' differences over school integration and busing were negotiable.

"The machine is a coalition of Croatians, Irish, Jews, blacks and Latinos," he remarked. "If we're going to win, we're going to need a coalition. The two largest ethnic groups in town are blacks and Poles." Few dreamers envision such a union; there is too much fear and hatred in Chicago. If Atlanta was once a city too busy to hate, Chicago has always found the time for it.

Should the machine find itself having to dump Bilandic in two years, it has several men waiting in the background—at least they are in line. They include Aldermen Burke and Vrdolyak and possibly George Dunne. All were graduated from the Daley school with honors. They pay proper homage to the machine, to the Master and his memory and to his family. It is possible that one of Daley's four sons, probably state Sen. Richard M., might emerge. It is said that one of the late Mayor's biggest disappointments was that none of the boys had inherited his political acumen. So far, they have remained behind the scenes, but not too far.

Unless a leader emerges with something like Daley's genius for holding it all together, there will be radical changes in the makeup and operation of the machine. Daley's brilliance was not political; it showed in his ability to exploit human weaknesses and strengths, for good and bad. It doesn't take great intellect to play to people's prejudices; it isn't at all complex to reward friends and supporters and punish enemies and opponents. Anyone willing to be ruthless, vengeful, intolerant and insensitive can do it. But the machine is almost certain to change because it is unlikely that anyone else can do it with Daley's flair. Besides, some of those he did it to have learned to play the game, at least from a defensive posture. They went to school under the last of the old masters. □

NEW DELHI NOTEBOOK

EUPHORIA IN A HOT SEASON

PRANAY GUPTE

New Delhi

This is the time of year when the heat here sears the skin. Nights are almost as warm as the days, and sometimes in the afternoons the rich red dust of Delhi is whipped into a strange frenzy by a peculiar local variety of storm. It is quite an experience to be caught in such a storm, for it rarely gives a warning. One moment it is sunny and calm; then suddenly you are choking in a blinding eddy of dust. Even the most zealous of travel agents and tourism officials will caution you about visiting Delhi in the month of May. And yet, this is most definitely the time to be in the capital city of India.

Sixty days have passed since the government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was toppled in the national elections, ending thirty years of uninterrupted rule by the Congress Party. By now it is a political cliché to say that the results of that unexpected election—held after twenty-one months of harsh "emergency" rule when basic liberties were suspended—were unanticipated. The signs of euphoria are still around. They can be heard in the endless chatter of the coffeehouses around Connaught Circle, Delhi's downtown area; in the fitful monologues of fierce Sikh taxi drivers and operators of the city's rickety motorized rickshaws, and in conversations with Cabinet officials who cheerfully offer you a cup of heavily sweet, milky tea and *pakoras,* or turnovers.

For example, Raj Narain, the plump little man who defeated Mrs. Gandhi in her traditional stronghold of Rae Bareilly, sits in his air-conditioned office in Nirman Bhavan, the headquarters of the Ministry of Health and Family Planning. He is wearing a green headcloth, which is something between a turban and a bandanna, and he is gleefully playing with a fly swatter, even though no flies are to be seen in the office. "There has never been a time like this in our history," Mr. Narain says, as a dozen aides nod in unison.

Later that evening, I find myself in a cool, softly lit café of the Hotel Oberoi-Intercontinental. With me are Ajai Lal, a young advertising executive, and his girl friend, Preminda Batra, a teacher. They recall for me that heady night in March when the voting tallies came cascading in from around the country. "It was fantastic, just fantastic," Ajai says. He and Preminda were among thousands of people who had gathered on Bahadur Shah

Pranay Gupte was born and brought up in India and returns there frequently—most recently for a month shortly after the election of March 20. He is a reporter on the metropolitan staff of The New York Times *and is working on a novel as well as a nonfiction book about the Indian political scene.*

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Zafar Marg, the Fleet Street of Delhi, where the major newspapers had put up scoreboards to summarize the election results. Ajai and Preminda talk animatedly about the roaring of the crowd when it was announced that Mrs. Gandhi and her son, Sanjay, had lost. "People were dancing in the street, they were hugging—and no woman was bothered or molested in the crowd," Preminda says. Ajai adds: "It was an unbelievable scene, the night of our lives."

Outside the Intercontinental, it is like a furnace. The only relief comes from the pervasive fragrance of *"Raat ki Rani"*—"Queen of the Night"—the flower that grows untended all around this city. I see Ajai and Preminda off, then decide to go for a rickshaw ride. The driver, a consumptive man, points to several hoardings that still carry, remarkably intact, pictures of Mrs. Gandhi and slogans of her prescriptions for national progress. The driver grimaces and then, quite purposely, he spits violently.

Indira Gandhi still lives in a heavily guarded government bungalow on Safdarjung Road. Somber police in plainclothes are everywhere, and there is a faint air of decay about the place, although the flowers are well-tended and the lawn is perfectly manicured. Her grandson is riding around happily on a tricycle. The former Prime Minister is not quite a recluse, however, according to Ram Kishore, an aide, and waiting for her one sees a constant stream of visitors, obsequious as always. The gate opens to let in a Fiat, its windows darkened. Sanjay Gandhi steps out and rushes into his mother's house. He seems to have lost a great deal of hair and his pallor is obvious.

Mr. Gandhi is the villain of the hour. The newspapers of this city, which once paid him homage, now carry all sorts of allegations concerning him. One story even blamed him for conspiring to mess around with the monsoons. Mulk Raj Anand, a noted writer, tells me that his daughter was abducted by Sanjay's cronies and forced into unnatural acts. A number of slum dwellers near Turkaman Gate recall, bitterly, how Sanjay ordered their huts razed and when some of them resisted, the police opened fire, killing several women and children. Dharam Vir Taneja, the former chairman of the Central Bank of India, talks of how Sanjay tried to force him into giving the Congress Party a large loan for regional election campaigns in Gujerat. When Mr. Taneja said no, Sanjay apparently personally ordered his dismissal as chairman of the bank, which was controlled by the government.

Then there are stories about the "Maruti" project, which was intended to produce a small "people's car." Sanjay, the brains behind the project, allegedly stashed away vast sums of money, which he extorted from industrialists and others. Hearing all these stories around Delhi, it is difficult to believe that a 30-year-old man, however powerful, could be capable of so much wickedness, that he'd be diabolical enough or that his mother, the Prime Minister, would be acquiescent enough to permit his alleged misdeeds.

Sanjay does not want to talk about any of these things. He is a monosyllabic man and he doesn't like to be interviewed, so one doesn't get anything from him. But I met also with several of his friends—those who are still brave enough to associate with Sanjay in this time of vicious anti-Sanjayism—and what emerged from these interviews was the picture of a very despondent man, a despairing man, who seems convinced that there is no way he could get a fair trial and that, just as surely, there is no way he would not go to jail. There are reports that Maneka Gandhi, Sanjay's wife, considers leaving him, but she has denied it. In any case, Maneka is not a happy woman; every day she reads about allegations concerning her husband and, what is probably more painful to her, about his reported involvement with women all over the country.

Maneka Gandhi is also taking another kind of beating. Some months ago, in more halcyon days, she started a magazine called *Surya* ("The Sun"), and it was an instant success. She had to refuse advertising, so popular had the magazine become. The advertisers were, of course, trying to curry favor, and the assumption clearly was that the way to "The Son" was through, among other things, "The Sun." But now the Gandhi family is in disgrace, and Maneka Gandhi is hard-pressed to put out her magazine. Advertisers have pulled out swiftly, her staff members have deserted her, and she put out the most recent issue largely by herself and with the assistance of Khushwant Singh, the great Indian novelist and editor of *The Illustrated Weekly of India,* who flew up from Bombay to help her out. Khushwant is almost the only major literary figure who still supports the Gandhis. It is partly loyalty, he says, and partly a sense of fair play. For this support, Khushwant has taken quite a bit of criticism from his peers in the literary and media world. It is not fashionable to be friends with Sanjay or Indira these days, and suddenly in the media one sees a lot of heroes by hindsight—those who tell you that they actually had resisted the Gandhi government all along when, in fact, the Indian media had been astonishingly compliant. L.K. Advani, the new Minister of Information and Broadcasting, in chastising the media, said: "You had been asked by Indira to bend, but you chose to crawl."

Indira Gandhi is still a very regal woman. She wears the lines of worry well, her smile is still charming, even though there are those, like Piloo Mody, a former member of Parliament, who liken her to a piranha. "Indira does not have any warmth," Piloo, a giant of a man who likes to eat well and talk about it, says. "Most people have a heart; she has a pump." Mrs. Gandhi prefers not to talk about the current political situation, although it is apparent that she feels not the least bit of regret or remorse for the harsh measures instituted by her government.

The woman has hardly faded from the Delhi political scene. Just the other day, Brahmananda Reddy, her candidate for the presidency of the disheartened Congress Party, was elected to that post, signaling thus that Mrs. Gandhi intends to stay in charge of her own party. However, there is general agreement that her fortunes will

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depend heavily on what happens to Sanjay Gandhi. A number of Mrs. Gandhi's confidantes are convinced that the current attacks on the former Prime Minister are really attempts to undermine and destroy her, and Mrs. Gandhi says privately that she, too, believes this. So she goes about her business these days under a cloud of deep worry, but one wouldn't be able to tell it from her smile. Several American and British publishers have approached her about writing her memoirs, but she seems to be undecided as yet.

Everybody has a horror story to tell about the "emergency." George Fernandes, the firebrand labor leader who is now the minister for communications, talked about how he was stripped and chained in his jail cell, exposed to the harsh Indian sun. Mr. Fernandes is a surprisingly soft-spoken man in private, but his voice rises when he talks about his experiences in the underground before he was arrested a year ago. His brother had been taken into custody soon after the "emergency" was declared on June 26, 1975, and the police had threatened to arrest their mother and rape her in front of him unless he disclosed where George was hiding. "What kind of people ran the country?" George Fernandes said, almost screaming. "What made them such brutes?" He had escaped on June 26, disguised as a fisherman, and the Gandhi government had placed a huge bounty on his head. Mr. Fernandes roamed the country for about a year before he was arrested, and then began a time of mistreatment and abuse, he said.

Another present member of Parliament, Mrinal Gore, told about how she had been taken into custody and placed in a tiny cell with a leper. There were no toilet facilities and she was denied food and drink for long periods of time, Mrs. Gore said. Another woman, also a Socialist like Mrs. Gore and now a member of the ruling Janata Party, talked about how she had been sexually abused and forced into sodomy by her guards.

I could not help but be dismayed by such stories. Undoubtedly, some of the tales have been embellished, for who is around to deny them? Raj Narain, the current Minister for Health and Family Planning, said he spent some very pleasant months in jail. But his closest friends told me that that wasn't the case at all, that Mr. Narain had regularly been beaten and abused. In fact, Mr. Narain had grown a beard in jail and had vowed to shave it off only when he defeated Mrs. Gandhi, his nemesis, in an election. Mr. Narain had won a court case against Mrs. Gandhi in 1975, an event which precipitated the whole political crisis, for the Prime Minister had been found guilty of election malpractices, and Opposition members such as Mr. Narain wanted her to resign. The beard was shaved off on March 20, the day the rotund Socialist defeated Mrs. Gandhi.

Many of those who participated with Mrs. Gandhi in the formulation of her "new order" are still to be seen in New Delhi, but few of them make any public appearances and fewer are willing to talk about their role during the "emergency." One of them who readily welcomed me was Vidya Charan Shukla, the former Minister of Information and Broadcasting, an intimate adviser to both Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay, and a man widely known as the Goebbels of India. He is impressive physically, tall and straight, a man of piercing eyes and refined speech. Mr. Shukla offered lunch, then talked for five hours about the Congress Party, about the alleged excesses during the "emergency."

"Yes, there were excesses, but I tried to stop them whenever I found out about them," he said. Mr. Shukla had been credited with imposing some of the most rigid controls on the press in India, and he has now been accused of whipping editors as well as those in the film industry. During the interview, he sought to place the blame not on Indira or even on Sanjay but on Bansi Lal, the former Defense Minister, who was said to have had a Rasputin-like hold on the Gandhi family. I asked Mr. Shukla why he does not speak out publicly in his own defense. "Do you think any one will listen in this atmosphere?" he said. Just that day there was a report in the papers that his passport had been impounded by the new government. But Mr. Shukla insisted that he had no passport and that whenever he traveled abroad it was on a temporary diplomatic document which by law expired immediately upon return to India.

Mr. Shukla's own Congress Party recently reprimanded him for his actions during the "emergency," although the reprimand seemed more like a rebuke than any punitive act against him. Bansi Lal did not escape so lightly; he was expelled from the party. There was even an attempt to oust Sanjay Gandhi, until people discovered that the great champion of the Congress Party was not even a legitimate member. Vidya Charan Shukla does not see himself as finished in national politics. He is, after all, only about 44 years old, and is probably the most attractive of the present leaders of the Congress, most of whom are in their 60s and 70s. Public memories are short, Mr. Shukla implied more than once in the interview, and it is not uncommon for the phoenix to rise again.

Whatever prospects the Congress may have, however, are not immediately discernible. The ruling Janata Party is determined to emasculate the Congress, and given the rate at which Congress members of Parliament are defecting to the Janata, the grand old party might be lucky to count more than two score members in the great legislative chamber here in Delhi. When I visited Chandra Sekhar, the new president of the Janata Party, at his home in the shadow of Parliament House, he was busily chatting with three Congressmen who had just defected to the Janata. The next day, when I met with the Prime Minister, the same defectors had preceded me. I asked one of them why they had not switched parties before the elections, and he shrugged, then grinned. The Janata Party is understood to be drafting legislation prohibiting party defection unless the defector is willing to contest an election again. But no one here in Delhi really believes that the Janata is going to push actively for the bill, particularly since the tide is now so powerfully in its own favor.

The prospects of the Congress Party will also depend,

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to a substantial extent, on what happens in all those trials that the current regime has promised. Sanjay Gandhi is virtually certain to be tried, as is Bansi Lal. M.C. Chagla, a former Cabinet Minister and judge, and now one of the most vocal critics of the Gandhi government, says he wants a sort of Nuremberg-type war criminals trial.

Several inquiry commissions are currently at work here in Delhi. However, some officials connected with them told me that one of their main problems was that persons such as Bansi Lal had reportedly destroyed a great deal of the evidence and that former members of the Gandhi administration had carted away a lot of files and other documents.

Still, with so many stories now circulating about the alleged "excesses" during the emergency, government officials say they are confident there won't be a shortage of witnesses.

The government of Prime Minister Morarji Desai is firmly, though uneasily, in the saddle. It has just won a major victory in the Supreme Court, which upheld the national government's right to order new elections in the states. It happens that the nine states where elections have been ordered are ones where the Congress and not the Janata enjoys legislative majorities in local assemblies. The Congress argued that the order for new elections was politically motivated, as it no doubt was. But the Desai government sought to present the entire matter as a test of federal-local relations, and the Supreme Court, obviously unwilling to stir up further controversy, simply said that it would not grant the Congress an injunction against the election order, thus insuring that state elections will be held next month.

Meanwhile, Prime Minister Desai is clearly relishing his position of power. During an interview he was almost loquacious, an uncommon state for him since his reputation is that of a terse, even testy, man. He says he receives 7,000 letters a day, and a visitor to his modest house—just a block from Mrs. Gandhi's bungalow—and to his office in the sandstone-dominated South Block encounters a stream of supplicants and petitioners. Mr. Desai's private secretary, V.Y. Tonpe, says that the Prime Minister rarely turns people away. How, then, does Mr. Desai manage to get any work done? "Discipline," is the Prime Minister's quick answer.

One hears of "discipline" constantly in Delhi, even though it is a word that the present regime has borrowed from its predecessor. Mr. Desai is worried by the dramatic spurt in prices, now that the controls and severe penalties of the "emergency" have been lifted. Even the Swiss Ambassador's wife, at an elegant party she was giving, complained of the prices. The new government is urging all merchants and businessmen to demonstrate greater "discipline," as if that would be even a palliative to all the country's economic woes.

And so one ends a stay in New Delhi a bit weary of all the political platitudes, a bit jolted by all the stories of terror during the "emergency," and quite happy that a new time has begun in this capital. I took a rickshaw to the Red Fort, that splendid monument where the leaders of India make their stirring speeches on national holidays. It was twilight, and I stood on a parapet, gazing out at the sprawling collection of humanity that is Old Delhi and, abutting it, the softly sparkling city of New Delhi. A mild breeze ruffled my shirt, and as I stood and stared, I thought of how the winds of politics change, how the procession must go on, and of how monuments like the Red Fort—but not men—remain more or less the same. □

CARTER ON OIL & GAS

Fudging Away from a Hard Line

JAMES F. FLUG

On January 14, 1976, less than a week before the Presidential campaign began in earnest with the Iowa precinct caucuses, an ad entitled "Iowans Want Some Straight Answers on Energy" appeared in the *Des Moines Register*. It contained the results of a questionnaire on energy policies sent by a new consumer group, Energy Action, to fifteen Presidential hopefuls during December. Ten of the fifteen responded; Mr. Carter was not among them. But on January 16, in the same paper, the Carter campaign placed a larger ad. It explained that Governor Carter had not answered Energy Action's six questions because they "could not be answered honestly and directly with a yes or no answer." It then answered all six questions in detail.

Question Number 2 read, "There are legislative proposals to stimulate more competition among different sources of energy by preventing major owners of one type of energy resource from owning other types. Do you support or oppose legislative efforts in the U.S. Congress to prevent 'horizontal integration' and require major energy companies to divest themselves of such competing energy sources?" Carter's response was, "I support legal prohibitions against ownership of competing types of energy, oil and coal, for example."

Question Number 5 was, "A major issue before the U.S. Congress is whether the price of natural gas should continue to be set under a system which assures gas producers a 'reasonable return' or should be allowed to be set by the oil and gas companies themselves at whatever price (probably at least triple current prices) they think gives them the highest possible profits and allows them to take advantage of the high monopoly prices for oil set by the international oil cartel. What is your posi-

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tion?" Mr. Carter replied: "I support legal restrictions to allow a 'reasonable profit' on oil and natural gas rather than allowing prices to be set without restriction. . . . I support the overwhelming position of the National Governors' Conference to limit deregulation of natural gas to that small portion (less than 5 percent) of production not under existing contracts. This deregulation should not exceed five years."

Two key energy issues. Two entirely different types of answer. An unequivocal *yes* to horizontal divestiture of the oil companies, a proposal that was popular with consumer groups and anathema to Big Oil. An equivocal and puzzling answer on natural gas deregulation—priority Number One to the oil industry, for which each 10¢ rise in the average price of natural gas meant $2 billion more a year in profits. Equivocal because the commitment to "legal restrictions to allow a 'reasonable profit' " clearly conflicted with the reference to "deregulation." And the discussion of deregulation was in terms of a limit in amount (5 percent) and time (five years). Puzzling because in fact the Governors' Conference had *not* adopted such a position. A few weeks later, when the proposal was made to the conference, it was rejected.

Several things happened next. On divestiture, the late Senator Philip Hart (D., Mich.) standing side by side with Energy Action founder, Paul Newman, announced a major effort to pass *vertical* divestiture, a separate proposal to break the oil companies into their producing, transporting, and refining and marketing segments. It made horizontal divestiture look mild by comparison. As of May, when the Hart bill was, to everyone's surprise, reported from the Judiciary Committee, many legislators were saying, "I may not be able to go along with vertical, but I would go with horizontal."

On gas the pressures were conflicting. On the one hand, Carter the candidate was courting Oklahoma Gov. David Boren, a notable cheerleader for gas deregulation. But at the same time the House of Representatives, in early February, reversed a previous Senate vote for deregulation and not only rejected deregulation for all except small, independent producers but went on to extend regulation to the previously uncontrolled *intra*-state gas market.

Carter's positions reflected these developments. His stand on horizontal divestiture became even stronger. A campaign fact sheet, reiterating his support for horizontal separation, added new language: "When competition inadequate to insure free markets and maximum benefits to America's consumers exists, I will support divestiture. At the present time, I consider these circumstances to exist or to be a threat . . . within the coal and uranium industries because of excessive ownership and control by the oil companies."

The stand on natural gas became even more complex and puzzling. The campaign's gas fact sheet talked of deeper gas wells and said, "Under the present regulated price structure, producers who attempt to exploit these deeper wells are forced to take a loss on every cubic foot of gas they pump." On its face the statement was ludicrous. No one would produce gas at a loss. Actually, however, it was erroneous, too, for any producer with a high-cost well could and would go to the Federal Power Commission for an exception from the general price limit. But the same fact sheet added a new element. The five-year period of limited deregulation now had a special purpose: "At the end of a five-year period, the success of the programs should be evaluated and appropriate new actions taken." In other words, Carter was not necessarily accepting the arguments for deregulation, just expressing a willingness to test them out.

This approach was even more explicit in Carter's written presentation to the Democratic Platform Committee on June 16, 1976, after he had clearly locked up the Democratic nomination. He called for "price protection for the consumer." And again his reference to deregulation was in terms of a limitation. "For natural gas, we should deregulate the price of *only* that natural gas not currently under existing contract (*less than 5 percent*) for a period of five years. At the end of the period of time, we should evaluate this program *to see if it increases production and keeps gas-related products at prices the American people can afford.*" (Emphasis added.) The June position on horizontal divestiture was almost word for word the same as the January position.

Since Carter was firmly in control of the party by the time the Platform Committee met, hardly a word went into the platform that Carter issues chief, Stuart Eizenstat, and Washington representative, Joseph Duffey, had not specifically approved. And, perhaps because Carter was about to make a fund-raising swing into Texas, the energy planks were given special scrutiny. Yet there it was again, the promise of a "legal prohibition against corporate ownership of competing types of energy, such as oil and coal." And: "We believe such 'horizontal' concentration of economic power to be dangerous both to the national interest and to the functioning of the competitive system."

On natural gas, the platform moved further away from deregulation. It called for continued price controls on both oil (Carter's previous position) *and* gas, though it talked about narrowing the gap between oil and gas prices. In an interview about this time with the industry publication, *Oil and Gas Journal*, Eizenstat still spoke of what the publication called "the trial test on natural-gas deregulation." And for the first time there was mention of a possible hedge on horizontal divestiture. *Oil and Gas Journal* reported that "Eizenstat says 'legal prohibitions' would 'not necessarily' apply to existing industry structure but rather future purchases of competing forms of energy." That is, a prospective rather than retrospective remedy.

At this time—mid-July—the industry feeling, as reflected in *Oil and Gas Journal*, was that the Democratic platform was "tinted anti-oil" because it "calls for continued oil and gas price controls and for restrictions on integration by majors and on their ownership of other energy sources."

Sen. J. Bennett Johnston (D., La.), speaking for Carter at a July fund-raiser in Tulsa—an oil boomtown—took a more "optimistic" view, but one which confirms the general perception of—and industry reaction to—Carter's positions on coal/oil connections and gas. According to *Platt's Oilgram*, Johnston conceded Carter "could conceivably be for horizontal divestiture" but said, "While I don't think this is particularly wise, I don't think it is

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particularly crucial either." *Platt's* continued: "Carter also is for controls on 'old' natural gas, but favors a five-year trial decontrol period for new gas. 'I don't like the five-year proposition,' Johnston said, 'and I think we can get him to back off on that.' "

Nominee Carter spoke twice on energy during August of 1976, and did not relent on what was now his clear position against horizontal integration. Appearing at a luncheon sponsored by Ralph Nader, Carter said he would sharply restrict the investment of big oil companies in competing energy sources such as coal and uranium unless he was convinced there was "an adequate amount of competition, which there is not now." And, reporting to the press on a mid-August energy briefing in Plains, Carter described the discussion of vertical divestiture and complained that "there had been no discussion of horizontal divestiture, which he considered more important," according to *The New York Times* dispatch.

At about the same time, Sen. Adlai Stevenson (D., Ill.) floated what he called a "compromise" on natural gas which reflected his political judgment that if he didn't push a new price system that approached deregulation, immediate deregulation might be stampeded through Congress before the election. Stevenson's friends in the consumer movement were outraged, since his proposal would have tripled the price of natural gas from 52¢ per mcf (thousand cubic feet) to more than $1.50 per mcf. Their outrage was compounded when in late July, the Federal Power Commission moved on its own to raise the price for new gas contracts to $1.42 per mcf. In fact, the FPC action amounted to administrative deregulation. To reach the $1.42 level, three commissioners, all of whom were on the record as opposing the cost-based price regulations they were supposed to enforce, had to accept all the industry's cost and productivity data, and add hypothetical income tax (40¢ worth) at the highest rate.

That the industry data are highly suspect goes without saying. That there was no evidence that the producers pay *any* income tax, let alone the highest rates, should not be surprising. What should the price have been? The FPC's own staff found that at a price around 60¢ per mcf, the producers would recover all their costs and net about 18 percent return on investment. The dissenting commissioner found the $1.42 price "excessive," and a large group of consumer organizations, Senators, Congressmen, municipal gas distributors, and states immediately took the FPC to court. The arguments against the FPC's price also applied to the Stevenson price, and his bill died quietly.

A strange thing happened in October, however. A letter to the Governors of Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma, over Carter's signature, began circulating in industry circles. It contained rhetoric and advocacy for the joys of natural gas deregulation that were unlike anything that had appeared in any other Carter position on gas. Much later, it was revealed that although it had been sent from Carter headquarters, the letter had a peculiar origin, involving Governor Boren of Oklahoma and one Duke Ligon, an oil industry advocate in Washington. Even on its face, it was obviously a strange document. It said nothing about the five-year and 5 percent limitation, or about the "test" to evaluate the arguments for deregulation. On the other hand, its operative sentence was virtually meaningless: "I will work with the Congress, as the Ford administration has been unable to do, to deregulate new natural gas." The reason Ford could not work with Congress on gas was, of course, that Congress itself was split on the subject: the Senate had been stampeded into a vote to remove most gas price regulation. The House had narrowly voted not only to continue regulation of interstate gas but to extend controls to the previously uncontrolled intra-state market. Which way, then, did Carter intend to go?

Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

In fact, the industry recognized that what came to be called the "Ligon letter" was an aberration, that even Carter, who had been known to adjust his positions, could not all that suddenly have abandoned his careful and clever straddle on natural gas. And as the final *Oil and Gas Journal* before the election made clear, the industry read into the letter Carter's oft-stated 5 percent and five-year limitations, and even focused on the letter's mention of an intent to "protect the consumer against sudden, sharp increases in the average price of natural gas," as a basis for continuing to question Carter's real sympathy for the industry position. The Washington column in that issue of the magazine was entitled, "May We Read the Fine Print, Please," and not only saw the earlier Carter qualifications as still operative but explicitly rejected that offer of a limited deregulation test as too little and too

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short. "Gas producers don't like the sound of a five-year plan," the article went on, pointing out that Senator Mondale, the very day before the Ligon letter, had told a Denver audience that the Carter administration would work to keep controls on oil and gas prices. Nevertheless, responsible journalists who should have known better, and industry officials and politicians who did know better, began after the election to talk about how Carter's "commitment" to natural gas deregulation had helped him win Texas and Louisiana.

The irony is that even if Carter *had* made a real commitment to deregulation, it would not have helped him with the voters of the gas-producing states. The *people* in places like Texas have, over the past two years, come to realize that nationwide deregulation of natural gas prices is the worst thing that could happen to them, since it would drive even higher the uncontrolled prices they now pay both for gas and, more importantly, for electricity made from gas. As small farmers have been driven out of business because they can't afford to run their irrigation pumps, and as householders see their utility bills running higher than their mortgage payments, Texans have come to realize that their interests are not identical to those of the oil and gas industry. There has been strong public pressure in Texas for tight state controls on gas prices, and New Mexico has already enacted such a law.

And strange as it must seem to those who claim there was a Carter "commitment" to deregulation, despite the winter's gas-supply problems—which would have sent Gerald Ford into a frenzy of deregulation rhetoric—President-elect Carter and President Carter never mentioned deregulation except when pushed by reporters, and then always in vague terms of describing his *past* statements about a five-year test. Had Carter been panting to espouse deregulation, one would have expected his January 21st statement on the natural gas emergency to be full of urgent calls for deregulation. But not a word. Why not? Energy adviser James Schlesinger may have provided the answer when he said, just before Inauguration Day, that the industry had received "considerable price increases recently" as an incentive for oil and gas searches, that "the problem has been uncertainties for the industry," not insufficient price, and that since consumers can't defend themselves against unfair price increases without regulation, "these are not ideal circumstances to deregulate gas." Asked point-blank whether he was opposed to deregulation, he told the A.P. that "the Carter administration has no position on deregulation so far."

And on February 10, Schlesinger pointedly told a consumer audience *not* to think that the administration's willingness to allow emergency natural gas sales at essentially uncontrolled prices during last winter's gas crisis represented Carter's long-term view on gas pricing. Again, when asked whether his statement meant that the White House was not committed to deregulation, he answered, "That would be a fair inference." The administrator-designate of the Federal Energy Administration, John O'Leary, had also been saying that raising gas prices would not increase supplies because "there just isn't that much gas to be found."

And Carter himself on January 30, responding to a question on gas, showed that the industry had been correct in focusing on his campaign words about protecting the consumer. Built into his gas policy, he said, "would have to be some prohibition against excessive or windfall profits from energy costs at the expense of the consumer." And at his first press conference: "I am going to try to make sure that all the natural gas companies . . . don't derive unwarranted profit when we cut back on consumption and when we encourage production." And, in his first fireside chat: "Oil and natural gas companies must be honest with all of us about their reserves and profits. . . . We will ask private companies to sacrifice, just as private citizens must do."

In the meantime, President Carter said and did nothing to dilute his clear commitment to horizontal divestiture. On the contrary, two key energy appointees, FEA's John O'Leary and Cecil Andrus, Secretary of the Interior, expressed their own support for the concept. The only new factor was a concerted industry drive to fight horizontal divestiture. At the American Petroleum Institute's winter meeting, there was a marked and open shift in emphasis from the previous industry focus on vertical divestiture to horizontal. The institute's literature against horizontal divestiture began appearing on Capitol Hill. Exxon and Gulf TV advertising began to extol the beauties of having oil companies in the coal, nuclear and solar energy businesses. The industry appeared at the White House "mini-conferences" held by Schlesinger and his staff during March, to plead the case.

There were also numerous private meetings between oil executives and high-level administration officials to discuss horizontal divestiture—as well as gas and other issues of billion-dollar levels of interest to the companies. And so the scene was set for the April unveiling of the Carter policy. The bidding up to then was:

Natural Gas: Hedged and conflicting statements, including on the one hand, Carter's January 1976 stand for a "reasonable profit" standard, against setting prices "without restriction," and his later opposition to "unwarranted" "excessive or windfall profits" for the gas producers; but, on the other hand, a willingness to *test* the arguments for deregulation by a trial for a limited time (five years) and limited amount (less than 5 percent), something the industry did not want and had rejected during the campaign.

Horizontal Divestiture: A clear, unequivocal, oft-repeated position that horizontal divestiture was important and necessary, and an undiluted commitment to do something about it. The only hedge was the isolated Eizenstat suggestion—never repeated by Carter—that the action might be prospective instead of retroactive.

On April 18, President Carter gave his "sky is falling" speech, a statement of energy goals and principles with no specifics as to program. Carter told Americans that "you may be right" in suspecting that gas was being withheld from the market, as a series of Congressional, executive and company reports all through the winter had indicated. He promised the energy companies fair treatment, but said he would not let them "profiteer." He said the sacrifices would be fair; that "no one will gain an unfair advantage."

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April 20. E-day. The President's speech to a joint session of Congress was as ambivalent on gas as his campaign rhetoric. "Immediate and total decontrol of . . . natural gas prices would be disastrous for our economy and for working Americans, and would not solve long-range problems of dwindling supplies. . . . Because fairness is an essential strategy of our energy program, we do not want to give producers windfall profits beyond the incentives they need for exploration and production." This was clearly inconsistent with any notion of deregulation or with any price much beyond the 60¢ range which the FPC experts had said would provide adequate incentives. He added that he would also end the unreasonable distinction between interstate (controlled) and intra-state (uncontrolled) gas sales which had "caused people in the producing states to pay exorbitant prices" for their gas. Still no sign of a spirit of deregulation, since ending controls would drive all prices not only up and over the "exorbitant" $1 to $1.50 range at which intra-state gas had been selling during the previous two years but beyond the $1.50-to-$1.60 level to which much (but not all) intra-state gas had risen when the FPC's $1.42 price took effect.

Then the ghost of the "Ligon letter" reappeared in a paragraph that looked as though it had been thrown in at the last minute by someone who had not read the preceding sentences—perhaps by the same person who had dispatched the "Ligon letter" itself, since the wording was so similar: "I want to *work with the Congress* to give gas producers an adequate incentive for exploration, working carefully toward deregulation of newly discovered natural gas as market conditions permit." No five-year trial? No test to see whether higher prices really accelerate the finding of new supplies? No 5 percent limit? What had happened to the person who was worried about "fairness," about "windfall profits"?

Clearly the Ligon half of the split personality was in control when the next paragraph was written. For in that paragraph the proposal was that the new gas price be set at the price of the "equivalent energy value" of U.S. crude oil, which the accompanying "Fact Sheet" explained would be $1.75 per mcf:

¶Six and a half times the 26¢ price which producers had agreed in 1970 was high enough to last through 1977.

¶ Almost three and a half times the last (1976) judicially approved "just and reasonable" price of 52¢.

¶ Almost three times the 60¢ range which the FPC staff said should produce ample returns and incentives.

¶ Well above the overall trend of uncontrolled ("exorbitant") intra-state prices, especially without the aberrational emergency spot sales.

¶ About 25 percent over the $1.42 price by which the Ford-Nixon FPC had administratively deregulated, and which most observers agreed would be overturned in court as being unsupported by evidence that it was "just and reasonable."

Almost by definition, any gas price set at an oil-price equivalent would be a windfall price since domestic oil, unlike gas, did not have a history of cost-based pricing. On the contrary, the domestic price had been artificially inflated through production limits and import protection before the OPEC price jump and, despite the vestiges of post-1973 controls, had been drawn sharply upward in the 1970s on the coattails of the cartel's quintupling of world prices. Thus from an average price of $3.39 per barrel in 1972 U.S. crude has risen to $5.25 or $11.28, depending on the date it went into production.

Nor did the "Fact Sheet" provide any encouragement to the reader who thought that the speech's later exhortation that "the energy industry should not reap large unearned profits" might require some application to the gas area. The gas section of the "Fact Sheet" began with a hymn to the need for deregulation. Again no reference to the campaign qualifications about time and amount, no assurances that this was merely "a test," no recognition that the price picked was "exorbitant," no acknowledgment that the "current $1.42 mcf ceiling" was likely to be overturned in court, no estimate of the fantastic revenue benefits to the producers, *not even the bone which Gerald Ford threw to the public interest when he tried to deregulate*—the imposition of an excess profits tax and means to assure that extra gas profits would go to further gas exploration.

Those waiting to hear about horizontal divestiture on April 20 waited in vain. It was not mentioned, except that Carter did say he believed in competition, "and we don't have enough of it right now." He said he would get new data from the energy companies about their operations: "strict enforcement of the antitrust laws based on this data may prevent the need for divestiture." Well, at least, he still thought there might be a "need."

The "Fact Sheet" added detail: "Effective competition in the energy industries is a matter of vital concern." Thus we would have "continuous vigilance" by an "Under Secretary." Finally the operative section: "Horizontal diversification by oil and gas producers, particularly into the coal industry has aroused fears that the major firms will be able to restrict the development of alternative fuel sources. The existence of such power could be very detrimental to the nation as it increases its reliance on coal, uranium and renewable energy sources. The trend of oil and gas company entry into coal mining merits continuous close attention."

Fine. Now what are they going to do about it—pass a law? Sue? Condition federal leases on horizontal separation? Not give help on coal or nuclear or solar projects to oil companies? No. The "Fact Sheet" continued: "From information available at the present time, it does not appear that new laws mandating either vertical or horizontal divestiture are required in order to promote or maintain competition in the energy industries. That conclusion is subject to change. If it should appear that there are anti-competitive problems in the energy industries that cannot be reached under current laws, new legislation would be proposed."

Well, it could have been worse, an optimist might say. It still recognizes the evils of horizontal integration. It specifically opens the door to future legislative action as the case becomes clearer under the new reporting requirements. The realist would have to say—it just isn't there. Words, maybe. Commitment, hardly. Action, nil. It couldn't be any worse.

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The realist would have been wrong. It could have been worse and became much worse in the week between the April 20th message and the April 29th release of the actual "National Energy Plan," a 103-page tome with what appears to be part of an unfinished spider web on the cover. The metamorphosis has both subtle and blockbuster elements to it. The subtle: "has aroused fears" becomes "has led to concern"; "the existence of" horizontal market power is now "the potential exercise of such power"; "very detrimental" is downgraded to "detrimental."

The blockbuster: A new paragraph that can be described only as a brief *against* horizontal divestiture. Only a complete quote can give its full flavor—remember that it is supposed to represent the view of the man who wanted "legal prohibition against ownership of . . . oil and coal," because "there is not now" an "adequate amount of competition":

> Traditionally, the structure of the coal industry has been extremely competitive. It is still relatively unconcentrated compared to industries such as steel and automobiles. Nevertheless, recent trends have caused legitimate concern. A total of 32 oil and gas companies accounted for 16 percent of total U.S. coal production in 1974, a 48 percent increase over their share in 1967. These companies accounted for more than 18 percent of coal shipped to electric utilities in 1974, a 27 percent increase over their share in 1967. In 1974, they held 5 percent of total U.S. coal resources, compared to 1 percent in 1967. These figures do not indicate that the oil and gas companies have a dominant position or even significant market power in the coal industry. But the trend of oil and gas company entry into coal mining and the companies' activities and performance merit continuous attention to make sure that a competitive industry does not become noncompetitive.

The whole is incredible enough but the parts are mindboggling:

¶"Unconcentrated compared to . . . steel and automobiles." Someone has a weird sense of humor. If you saw a film of a hostage who said his captors were gentlemen compared to Attila the Hun and Jack the Ripper you would know (*a*) that he is under duress and can't talk freely; and (*b*) that, like Attila and Jack, his captors were not gentlemen at all. Is there a speech writer hidden somewhere in the White House trying to signal us (*a*) that he's being held captive and forced to write paragraphs like this one against his will; and (*b*) that, like steel and autos, coal is really very concentrated?

¶"Thirty-two oil companies account for 16 percent of coal production." Why would anyone use that figure when the American Petroleum Institute itself admits that eight oil companies produced more than 20 percent of our coal, and other figures show an even higher percentage?

¶"Five percent of total U.S. coal resources." Off by a factor of 700 percent from other credible estimates of oil company coal holdings. Yet it is "these figures" that lead the Plan's author to conclude that the oil companies do not have "even significant market power in the coal industry."

Whereas on April 20 the "trend of oil . . . entry into coal" was enough to merit concern, by April 29 we would really only worry if, after the fact, we found that "the companies' activities and performance" were evil. A careful but vital distinction to any antitrust lawyer. It is not monopolistic structure and acquisition of a capacity to restrict competition that would trigger action but only getting caught in the act of overt misbehavior. And a final message from the April 29th phantom: to avoid any confusion as to *why* the oil-coal connections merit attention, he or she tells us "to make sure that *a competitive industry* does not *become* noncompetitive."

And so Mr. Carter came around by 180 degrees—from firm advocacy of horizontal divestiture between oil and coal, to worrying about that possibility, and finally to advocating the industry position that there is really nothing to worry about. Although the "Fact Sheet" on April 20 concluded that present information did not require new laws on competition, it warned: *"That conclusion is subject to change."* There was a change nine days later—the warning was deleted.

Meanwhile, the industry was not satisfied to rest on its laurels in the matter of gas. It had already managed to expand the definition of "new gas": Schlesinger's original draft, which made all gas within 5 miles of an existing well "old gas," had been changed to put the boundary at 2.5 miles. The industry began a public relations and lobbying campaign to expand the "new gas" definition even further, and it had the gall to complain about the $1.75 price as well.

Who cares, you say? Well the President says he does, and in so saying, suggests why you should: "If producers were to receive tomorrow's prices for yesterday's discoveries, there would be an inequitable transfer of income from the American people to the producers, whose profits would be excessive and would bear little relation to actual economic contribution."

Fine rhetoric, an excellent description of what the proposed gas pricing will do. The numbers are hard to estimate but here's a ballpark calculation to keep in mind:

¶If the FPC staff was right about the 60¢ price being ample a year ago, and we generously add 25 percent for inflation since then, we get 75¢ per mcf as the "ample incentive" price.

¶At $1.75 there is $1 of windfall on each mcf, even more on "old gas" that Carter will permit to be recontracted at $1.42 despite its low-cost, fully depreciated origins.

¶Even if we take the old Carter standby of 5 percent as the amount of gas to which the new gas, or other bonus prices, will apply, there will be a windfall of $1 billion the first year, $2 billion the second year, and so on, until by 1985 there has been a cumulative windfall of $36 billion—a gift from all of us to "them."

¶That estimate may be very low. The American Gas Association told James Schlesinger that its estimate was 5.5 billion mcf of "new gas" by 1980 (their broader definition is probably offset by their desire to have a conservative number, so this projection is relevant). That would mean about $60 billion of profiteering by 1985 on "new gas" alone, not to mention the "roll-over" windfalls, the Alaska oil bonus, the "new oil" windfall, the drilling tax de-reform, and other goodies to assure

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that the oil and gas people escape their share of the national sacrifice.

Why? How? Who? We must all try to find out. For if the ghost of Duke Ligon and the April 29th Phantom are running around the White House and can turn a campaign fudge on gas-price deregulation into a multi-billion-dollar commitment to the oil and gas industry, and can transmute a promise to the people to break Big Oil away from Big Coal into a tract against oil-coal separation, we all had better keep our hands on our wallets. □

SHOULD DR. KISSINGER BE SEATED?

Columbia's Ethical Red Herring

MICHAEL TEITELMAN

This article was delivered as a speech to a forum at Columbia University on April 26 by Michael Teitelman, assistant professor in the Philosophy Department. The forum was organized by opponents of the appointment of Henry Kissinger to the faculty of the university (supporters of the appointment were invited to the meeting, but none came). The opponents say that the appointment, now approved by the university administration which is negotiating the terms with Kissinger, was made without the normal review procedures employed in faculty appointments. Petitions opposing the appointment, signed by 135 faculty members and hundreds of students, have been circulated on the campus.

On the day after the demonstration against the appointment of Henry Kissinger, the University Office of Public Information released a document entitled "Statement by Columbia University." Presuming to speak for all who work and study here, the administration offered the following view of the situation:

> Columbia is guided by absolute adherence to academic freedom to maintain the diversity of views necessary to a serious university. An effort from the sundial to stop an appointment authorized by a Columbia department, using moral arguments that play no role in other appointments cannot fail to raise questions of academic freedom. Standards of review must be the same for all faculty members.

I have quoted the full statement to indicate how paltry has been the administration's response to criticisms of the appointment. This is not surprising; the response is just what anyone who has lived through stormier political days on a university campus would expect. When political and moral criticisms are leveled against the conduct of a university, the banner of academic freedom goes shooting up the flag pole. This principle is no small item in the register of democratic liberties; questions of academic freedom must be taken seriously. But the principle is also a major item in the ideological arsenal of the university. When it is entered into political debate, it is supposed to end that debate. We all salute and get back to our business. Needless to say, life is not so simple. Since the "principle of academic freedom" is a phrase designating an extremely complex web of rules, values and beliefs regarding an enormous variety of situations and problems, it does not suffice to wave the banner. Whether and how "the principle" applies to a particular situation requires examination. I propose to do this by looking at the university's statement, sentence by sentence.

The first, a statement of general policy, is irrelevant. The principal objection to Kissinger is directed not to what he thinks or has written but to his conduct as National Security Adviser and Secretary of State. In any account of academic freedom (and of freedom of speech in general), the distinction between thought and action is fundamental. A statement of strict adherence to the principle does not speak to the criticism. As to the maintenance of diversity of opinion, protecting academic freedom is at best a necessary condition; the selection of faculty members for the purpose of securing that diversity is also required. It is arguable (although a diversionary matter) that the differences between Kissinger's views and views already represented in the international affairs wing of the faculty are minor and that greater diversity would be achieved with some other appointment.

The second sentence joins the issue directly but poorly. Opposing the appointment on moral grounds "raises questions of academic freedom." Why? Because moral considerations "play no role in other appointments." This is either obvious and irrelevant or it is false. Either way, the case is instructive. If it means that the moral arguments which are being raised in connection with Kissinger have never been brought to bear on previous appointments, this is undoubtedly true for a very simple reason. How often, after all, does a man who has directed a war against three other nations, undermined the democratically elected government of a fourth one, and supervised the wiretapping of a score or two American officials and private citizens present himself for a professorship? That these criticisms have not been lodged against other appointments does not show that they are inappropriate in the present case.

If this statement means that *no* moral considerations are relevant in connection with *any* appointment, it is false. Moral standards are and have always been (sometimes too much so) elements of the "standards of review." I do not mean that they are, in fact, wrongly imported into the appointment process (although sometimes they are) but that they belong there and that they are understood to belong there by the faculty and administrators responsible for academic appointment. Consequently, it is easy to agree to the closing sentence of the statement. Yes, the same standards of review should apply to all. The question is: which standards?

To see that moral considerations are a legitimate element in the appointment process, consider first that there are moral grounds for dismissal from the university. Some derive from the stated rules of the institution; some

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derive from principles and values that are so plain, fundamental and central to the functioning and purposes of the institution that they don't get or need to be promulgated. A few examples should suffice. A professor who exploits the grading and reward system to extract sexual favors from his students is a *prima facie* candidate for dismissal. Other considerations aside, it would not be wrong to dismiss. So too with those who embezzle funds and resources with which they are entrusted, grossly neglect their responsibilities, assemble and publish fraudulent data, or plagiarize the work of other scholars.

There is, to be sure, tremendous difficulty in formulating a simple and general principle specifying the line beyond which professorial conduct is not permissible. It would probably be a mistake to try to do so or think that there is a clear and statable demarcation. But as with many such situations of indeterminacy, it is possible, sometimes, to be certain that conduct does exceed the permissible limits. (That is one reason why we think there is such a line.) The distinction between permissible and impermissible conduct gets worked out in the course of dealing with problems that arise. There are good reasons for keeping the grounds of dismissal very narrow. Since dismissal is a drastic measure, a messy business leading to a stiff penalty, it is important that conduct be recognized as impermissible in the light of values and standards which are widely and deeply held. This requirement of moral gravity minimizes the possibility that the standards which govern dismissal will be abused by stifling diversity and dissent in opinion.

Kissinger's case is not one of dismissal but appointment. So consider a candidate for a position who has been dismissed from another university for good cause. There are three sorts of reasons for not hiring that person. First, he may misbehave again. Usually this is inconclusive. Compassion, trust and some supervision would lead one not to rely on it. In Kissinger's case, this may be irrelevant. He is not likely to plan another war of aggression from a suite on the Columbia campus, but it would pay to keep an eye on him. The second reason is more important. The man has shown bad character and deserves not to be hired. The conduct disqualifies the man from future positions and a decision not to hire expresses a serious commitment to the values he has compromised. Here too compassion and a willingness to give a second chance are appropriate, but not without an acknowledgment of wrongdoing. Pardon without contrition, as in the case of Nixon, casts doubt on the integrity of the pardoner. Third, there is deterrence: it is important to put other potential malfeasants on their toes.

All of this may sound a bit farfetched. In part, that is because situations in which problems of this sort arise are infrequent. They are probably more prevalent than many imagine; often they are hushed up and dealt with via "informal" forms of censure such as admonishment, ostracism, withdrawal of perquisites and, in the case of nontenured faculty, a decision not to rehire. The point of citing these examples is to show that, contrary to the administration's view, moral considerations do play a role in matters of academic employment and that the principle of academic freedom is not compromised by this fact.

It may be objected that in contrast to the examples I have given, Kissinger did not do his dirty work at another university. This is true but irrelevant. While some kinds of disqualifying malfeasance can be performed only in an educational setting (extorting sexual favors from students), that is not so with others (embezzlement, intellectual fraudulence). The character of the conduct is the issue, not the location of its occurrence.

It may also be objected that a person who has been dismissed from a position has been judged in accordance with established procedures, but that Kissinger has not faced a public tribunal and been found at fault. That is true but regrettable. The political leadership of this country is not, for quite understandable reasons, going to provide us with a judgment of its atrocities in Indochina. (Recall that as soon as Nixon was nailed on the Watergate cover-up, the invasion of Cambodia—a clear violation of the Constitution—was dropped from the bill of impeachment. Too hot a potato.) But to rely on the absence of a legal judgment of Kissinger's wrongdoing, when none is likely to be forthcoming, is to weasel out of the situation. The objections to Kissinger are not directed to the murkier aspects of his tenure in Washington about which there is insufficient information, or to politically disputable aspects of his diplomacy over which, as the saying goes, "reasonable men can disagree." It is directed to Indochina, Chile and domestic surveillance. With these, the evidence is abundant and the gravity of the misconduct is clear. If lack of information makes it wrong to judge, abundance sometimes makes it wrong not to.

It should be clear by now that enveloping the Kissinger appointment in a cloak of academic freedom will not do. The principle protects thought, expression and inquiry; it is not a principle of moral license. There are limits of permissible conduct even for tenured holders of endowed professorships. When a person egregiously crosses these limits, it is permissible, from the point of view of academic freedom, to consider dismissal or rejection.

It should also be clear that this is a very limited proposition. It does not argue that people who overstep the limits *ought* to be dismissed or not hired, only that these decisions would not violate academic freedom. In each instance, there are two questions that must be addressed: (*1*) Has the person broken the moral ground rules of the academic community? and (*2*) if he has, ought he be allowed to continue to occupy an academic position? An affirmative to the first by no means entails a like answer to the second. As in any case of rational, deliberative social reprisal, that is going to depend on the nature of the situation. So let me turn to the positive case against the appointment by considering these two questions in our present circumstances.

The first question draws attention to moral assessment that is to be made of Kissinger's conduct. It raises a specific question: whether what he has done violates principles and values which are or ought to be recognized by a university community in its assessment of the moral acceptability of its members. This is quite different from a question easily confused with it: whether one morally approves or disapproves of his conduct. The questions are distinct because the rules governing disqualification

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from the academy need to be narrowly circumscribed. You may not approve of professors sleeping with their students, but quite reasonably think this ought not be an enforced element in the university's ground rules.

How are we to decide whether Kissinger's conduct is of the requisite sort? One part of the answer is factual: what he has done as Secretary of State and National Security Adviser, as well as in a role which is often forgotten: as chairman of the Committee of Forty which supervised such CIA activities as the Phoenix Program which led to the execution of tens of thousands of "suspected members" of the National Liberation Front in Vietnam. The second element here is a moral question: do the rules of university disqualification extend to Kissinger's conduct? It is important to understand that this is not a matter of discovery and precedent but of decision. Consulting past university practice will not settle the question because men with primary and unequivocal responsibility for the murder and mayhem of the state rarely turn up for professorial appointment. (Keep in mind that this case is quite unlike the ordinary shuffle of academics in and out of government.)

There are good reasons to keep the rules of disqualification narrow. Usually they are restricted to conduct which is directly incompatible with the teaching and research functions of the university. But deciding that the rules ought to extend to Kissinger does not unduly widen them. Banning people with unmistakable responsibility for violation of international laws of war, the U.S. Constitution, and basic moral principles against the wanton destruction of human life, does not introduce moral criteria which are liable to be abused in the ordinary run of future academic appointments. The magnitude of Kissinger's "achievement" assures of this fact.

Consider what is entailed by a decision not to extend the rules of disqualification to Kissinger. First, it leads to a very odd ranking of moral values. It puts the university on record as repudiating its members who engage in theft, dishonesty, and the manipulation of adolescents within its own precincts, but not those who engage in aggressive war, murder and police-state practices in the world at large. Second, it runs counter to the web of humanistic values that are central to the stated ideals of the university. Educating the young and increasing the stock of knowledge have value and warrant a share of society's resources because they contribute to the well-being, dignity and freedom of humankind. Failing to repudiate a man with Kissinger's record mocks that ideal.

Finally, such a decision directly contradicts official university pronouncements on the immorality of the war in Indochina and current espousals of principles of human rights. Professors and students in this university regularly sign petitions in behalf of victims of political barbarism in Chile, Iran, the Soviet Union, etc. With the exception of Richard Nixon, there is no single American who has done more to compromise those principles and to destroy human life in the last decade than Henry Kissinger. The contradiction between professed ideals of human rights and the pursuit of Kissinger is stark enough to lead uncharitable observers to regard it as hypocritical. Dressing this contradiction up in the cloak of academic freedom colors it sanctimonious. Sweetening it with visions of the plums that will follow in Kissinger's trail—prestige, students and money—colors it venal. The contradiction persists all the same.

No doubt all of this will cause discomfort to those who believe that moral and political judgments ought to be kept out of the business of appointment. Ordinarily, that is so, but this is not an ordinary appointment. President McGill's eagerness to snare Kissinger has led, we learned in the Columbia *Spectator*, to some questionable irregularities in procedures of review. It doesn't take much astuteness to recognize that Kissinger's academic record is not what has set the whole business in motion. A few books on Metternich, Bismarck and the feasibility of nuclear war don't warrant cutting procedural corners and scrambling after the $1 million or $2 million needed to underwrite the endowment. The administration's interest in Kissinger grows directly out of what is most objectionable about the man: his "service" in government. Rejecting Kissinger because of that service does not *introduce* political considerations into the appointment process; they were there the moment McGill decided that Kissinger would be an admirable addition to the Columbia professorial stable.

Some go on to argue that rejecting Kissinger on moral and political grounds opens the possibility of similar reprisals being directed against progressives, radicals and leftists in the future. The problem is a real one, and the concern is genuine, but it is misplaced. Radicals in American universities have taken their licks, more often than not, for what they believe, say and write, not for criminal activities. When they do venture into domains of conduct inviting reprisal, they do so with their eyes open, taking their risks and resisting the reprisals. Second, if the rejection of Kissinger is based on the considerations I have discussed, it is difficult to see how these would be relevant to potential victims of academic repression on the Left. We don't have the bombs. Finally, the defense of academic freedom and of democratic liberties in general is most vigorous when those who put them into jeopardy pay a price for doing so. It is a mistake, I think, to overlook the deterrent value of rejecting the Kissinger appointment. It is small, to be sure, and largely symbolic. But that is no reason to forgo it.

Like it or not, the appointment is loaded with political significance. The banality of evil has given way, in Kissinger's case, to its glamorization. Kissinger is the one member of Nixon's inner circle to escape humiliations and punishment. Since leaving office, he has been reaping fertile fields. An appointment to an endowed chair is one more kudos, an honor that enhances the prestige that the media and elite of this society have allowed to remain intact. It is an honor that ought to be denied him.

Let me conclude with a modest proposal. If the university administration persists in its efforts to sign Kissinger on, and if he accepts, I propose that the chair he occupies be named "Bach Mai Chair in International Peace Studies." Bach Mai is the hospital in Hanoi that was obliterated in the B-52 bombings of December 1972. If memories are so short and the appreciation of Kissinger's savagery in Indochina so scanty that this appointment gets made, at least we will have a constant reminder of what has led to it. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Boston Comes Full Circle

LIBERTY'S CHOSEN HOME: The Politics of Violence in Boston. *By Alan Lupo. Little, Brown and Co. 334 pp. $12.50.*

THE BOSTON MONEY TREE: How the Proper Men of Boston Made, Invested and Preserved Their Wealth from Colonial Days to the Space Age. *By Russell B. Adams Jr. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 324 pp. $11.95.*

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Boston Brahmins are well noted for closed lips, so those who know when the Vault was founded don't discuss it readily. When they decided to organize themselves, Boston's most powerful men (no Irish need apply), chose to hold their gathering in the cool recesses of Ralph Lowell's bank vault. What better place to make judgments about the city's future than in the intimate womb of money? Perhaps the story is apocryphal. Most Bostonians who know about this group called the Vault, however, believe it to be true.

There is no doubt that the Vault exists. Today its members prefer to call it the Coordinating Committee. It is no longer as restricted as it was when Ralph Lowell presided as chairman in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Then a select company of Brahmins regularly met to draw up a policy for a new Boston. They decided where major real estate developments should be built, which neighborhoods should be redlined, which sections of the city should be demolished, which programs the city administration should adopt, and how the Governor of Massachusetts could assure that state bonds had a lucrative rate of return. The Vault's word, by and large, became better than law; its wishes were transformed into brick and steel, altering the shape of Boston. Only a few men with honored family names were admitted into the inner sanctum. Now, leading banks and corporations send a full array of their top officers to the Coordinating Committee meetings. In Boston this is considered modernization.

Journalist Alan Lupo, author of *Liberty's Chosen Home*, believes that the Vault was first organized in 1937 by Henry Shattuck, a good government reformer and one of the last Yankees on the Boston City Council. Shattuck was the Brahmin Don Quixote, jousting against the windmills of Irish political machines. The Yankees had lost control of the municipal apparatus with the conclusive defeat in the 1910 Mayoral election of a liberal corporate attorney named James J. Storrow Sr. by "Honey" Fitzgerald, grandfather of John F. Kennedy. After that episode the Yankees tried desperately to assign Boston's governmental departments to the state legislature, out of reach of the mischievous Irish. This was known as reformism.

The frustration of Henry Shattuck and his class was the catalyst for the formation of the Vault. The Brahmins reasoned that by pooling their resources they might elect as Mayor a more malleable man than the flamboyant James Michael Curley who served as Mayor of Boston in the 1930s and 1940s. Curley's sin was that he favored a more equitable distribution of corruption and was contemptuous of the hypocrisy of the rich. Moreover, he was willing to hurt the Yankees in their most vital parts: when the banks sternly warned Curley that they wouldn't float city bonds unless he curbed his antics the Mayor threatened to flood their vaults. By the time of Curley's fulmination the Yankees had cleared much of their investment capital out of Boston.

The growth of Irish political power was generally paralleled by a flow of Brahmin money out of the region. During Curley's heyday construction virtually ceased, no new factories were built and no new industries were launched in Boston. This decline had more causes than Brahmin distrust of the Irish, but the luck of the Irish in capturing control of Boston's politics did nothing to enhance the piling up of profits. The fortunes that had been garnered from the China trade and the textile mills were locked up in trusts for the heirs of the adventurous founding fathers.

Boston had once been the center of enterprise in the country, with Thomas Handasyd Perkins and Robert Bennett Forbes pioneering the China trade. The cities of Lowell and Lawrence, named after textile entrepreneurs, established the full-scale factory system in America; before the Irish immigration, Lowell was regarded as one of the wonders of the world, a positive contrast to harsh factory cities in England. Russell B. Adams Jr. offers a smoothly written, anecdotal history of Brahmin capital in *The Boston Money Tree* even though the book occasionally reads like *Town and Country* magazine. *The Boston Money Tree* presents a portrait of the economic masters of Boston, while *Liberty's Chosen Home* depicts the politicians and the milieu from which they emerged. Together they give a good picture of the relationship between economics and politics.

Brahmins did their best to minimize hazards to their wealth when Wall Street quickly surpassed State Street as the real hub of the universe in the post-Civil War period. Charles Francis Adams, a direct descendant of two Presidents and president himself of the Union Pacific Railroad, noted with dismay that Boston's investors had "a lack of perception, a want of foresight, an absence of enterprise, and a superabundance of timidity, in sad contrast with the great promise of an earlier and brighter day." As the first city in America to maintain an upper class whose wealth was based on inheritance, Boston was also the first city to be abandoned by its rich. Money was invested in Western railroads and mines, and in these only because they were sure things. Brahmins were careful not to speculate in risky ventures that later turned out to be bonanzas. They were content to safeguard their money in trust funds for their offspring. Once the Irish took over Boston it was the last place the Brahmins wanted to invest in.

In 1949, the last year Curley served as Mayor, Henry Shattuck pushed through a reform abolishing the ward system in Boston and replacing it with citywide elections. This deprived the smaller wards near the center of town of their clout, opening them up for urban renewal. It also contributed to future problems, such as segregation. Boston's deterioration, a consequence of being deprived of the wealth it had generated, was so advanced in the late 1950s that the city was perilously close to default. The Vault rushed into the breach, assuming the responsibility that

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had been carried by Shattuck, and put its man, a tough Irish politician named John Collins, in City Hall, where he ushered in the New Boston.

These were the features of the New Boston: the multi-ethnic working-class West End was razed to make room for the expansion of Massachusetts General Hospital and expensive, high-rise apartments; a large chunk of East Boston was paved over with airport runways; the Prudential Center (housing the United Fruit world headquarters) was constructed after a piece of the South End was cleared away; and seedy Scollay Square was replaced with a gleaming, concrete Government Center. The slogan of the Collins administration was "Planning With People." According to Alan Lupo, Collins and the Vault "had saved corporate Boston from self-destruction. But they could not cope with social Boston, and they were getting messages of discontent." In 1967, the residents of the black ghetto in Roxbury, which had been urban renewed with no noticeable improvement, staged a *jacquerie,* torching buildings and shops on Blue Hill Ave. Collins observed the conflagration and opted not to run for re-election.

The next Mayor was Kevin Hagan White, son of a prominent Boston Irish politician, married to the daughter of an important ward leader; his political pedigree was impeccable. White was John Lindsay with street smarts and backroom savvy. He walked down ghetto streets in shirt-sleeves to calm crowds, established Little City Halls in the neighborhoods as local service centers, and could depend on the best and brightest from Harvard to write position papers for him. His opponent in the 1967 election was School Committee chairwoman Louise Day Hicks, the grande dame of South Boston, a hard-scrabble Irish neighborhood where the unemployment rate was high, pride in the high school athletic teams was a major concern, and blacks were not welcome.

Lupo's book, *Liberty's Chosen Home,* is a panegyric to White, whom Lupo casts as the perfect heir of Boston's political traditions. The author gushes sentimentally about White, praising him as a man anointed by history to play a decisive role in his city's most intense crisis, the controversy over busing. Despite this sort of excessiveness, Lupo has a good deal of insight into Boston's unique history and the patterns of power that mark it. *Liberty's Chosen Home* is consequently valuable for its historical chapters but uneven in its description of the busing crisis where the reportage is more chronicle than analysis.

Lupo attributes the prolonged and violent opposition to busing in Boston to "confusion, created largely by a division of authority between the Mayor and the school committee and perpetuated by the school committee's insistence on sabotaging [U.S. District Court Judge Arthur] Garrity's order." According to Lupo, the Mayor worked "quietly and behind closed doors to minimize the disaster." Publicly, White announced his opposition to busing but urged citizens to obey the law. What did he do behind the fabled "closed doors"? Lupo was granted access to White's private meetings and presents them in copious detail. While attempting to balance an essentially unstable situation the Mayor condemned the judge who had ordered desegregation, commanded the police to arrest all troublemakers on the streets of South Boston, arranged a meeting between white and black community leaders, and despaired. The anti-busers, inspired initially by Louise Day Hicks, but out of her control, were infiltrated by Southie's organized crime branch known as the Mullens gang and by other unsavory elements. White's efforts to isolate the violent contagion had mixed results, and the anti-busers, who believed that he had the power to stop a federal court order, were quick to blame him for their plight.

According to Lupo, White extended patronage to key leaders of the anti-integration movement simply to keep "in touch with all parties." This deal, crucial to his re-election campaign in 1975, insured that an anti-busing candidate couldn't emerge with a strong base. The anti-integrationists lost the rest of their momentum when they finally realized that Judge Garrity's order would not be overturned judicially, and while the sentiments and conditions which fueled the anti-busers still exist, as an organized force in the city the movement has been largely defeated.

Boston has returned to more enduring problems such as fiscal insolvency. During the busing crisis the Vault and its allies castigated the Mayor for his apparent lack of resolve; White's ambivalent and contradictory stance annoyed them. As White juggled his way through the affair, the most significant New England financial institution, the First National Bank of Boston, managed to write substandard loans equal to 100 percent of its capital. The bank has recently earned itself a place on the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation's "watch" list, achieving this status as the result of dubious investments in real estate trusts, speculations in international currency, headlong expansion in Latin America (opening up a finance company in Chile), and from being saddled with Massachusetts and Boston bonds. The Vault reacted predictably and forcefully when Boston's bond rating was questioned. Richard Hill, chairman of the First National, in his capacity as spokesman for the Vault, publicly

IT'S YOUR NAME AND IT'S ALSO DECEMBER

It's your name and it's also December
the last lights of the town blank out
my mouth climbs like the echo of two bells
in a church and stops outside your heart
I watch you fall asleep
and find you
not the hunter but the deer
find you
a patch of flowers
on a terrace facing a winter
in other cities men rise
in other dreams cities rise nameless
a brook forks before your fingers
or else the procession of the wind
in your fingers pauses
it's the spaces between stairs
the quiet march of the sun
lying in ambush the words that stop
what skin isn't bare
what fist doesn't pound a wall
it's the snow blowing through every garden
entering every house

Ernesto Trejo

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warned Mayor White that the city budget had to be trimmed if Boston's bonds were to be floated.

White has responded by declaring the closing of the Boston Human Rights Commission, the after-hours community schools program, and the Little City Halls, which have enormous value as symbols of governmental concern for the neighborhoods. It appears that White's accomplishments of the late 1960s are being erased in the fiscal crunch, and that he is less intent on preserving these institutions than on building a personal political machine. This Mayor is too ambitious and sophisticated to threaten flooding the banks' vaults. The Vault is pleased, convinced that at long last the phantom of James Michael Curley has been exorcised, and that the Brahmins need never have a last hurrah. □

The Many and the Few

THE FABIANS. *By Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie. Simon & Schuster. 446 pp. $12.95.*

ANNE FREMANTLE

"Why are the many poor?" asked the first Fabian pamphlet published in London in 1884. And as Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie point out, twenty years after the Fabian Society's foundation the question was still pertinent. It is pertinent today. When the Fabians first organized themselves, England held political and economic sway over the world, yet despite her immense domestic and colonial riches, one-third of all Londoners lived six to a room, and one-eighth of the entire population died in the workhouse, the state-provided refuge for the totally indigent. Today the United States occupies a position of wealth and power exceeding even that of England at the height of the Empire, yet in 1970 life expectancy in one Southern state was 66.4 years, lower than in many countries, and infant mortality was 32 per 1,000, which is significantly higher than in many less advantaged lands. In Mississippi in 1972, 30,000 people had no schooling at all, and 67 percent of blacks in the South had less than a high school education.

So the Fabian query remains unanswered. Its continuing pertinence is no doubt one reason that a small group of what the MacKenzies call "political cuckoos" who laid their reforming eggs in other people's nests, remains of interest to reformers today. Clearly there was something to the Fabian strategy of insinuating themselves into the drawing rooms of the powerful rather than organizing the masses: by 1945 more than half the members of the Labour Party in the House of Commons were Fabians, and there were ten Fabians in the Cabinet.

Despite their obvious successes, the whole character of the Fabian movement is puzzling. Were they "just an elite group offering salvation to the poor," and was the Fabian Society "run like a family business" as the MacKenzies aver? Certainly they were "gripped as much by social conscience as by political conviction," and the Fabians, all middle-class and well-educated (mostly university graduates), felt that the "sin of social advantage could be expiated only through service." Almost all had been raised either as Anglicans or Evangelicals, and most felt, as Arnold Toynbee put it, rhetorically addressing the pauper masses, "We have wronged you . . . sinned against you grievously . . . if you will forgive us we will devote our lives to your service."

Their rhetoric was at first inversely proportionate to their numbers. In 1883 only fifteen people went to the lodgings of a young provincial of Quaker background, Edward Pease, to discuss the formation of a new society. Even so those fifteen were split into two groups: those who believed in changing society, and those who believed society could only be changed by changing the hearts of men. At the next meeting these latter broke away to found the Fellowship of the New Life, while on January 4, 1884 Frank Podmore suggested to a group of nine that they form a new society called after Fabius Cunctator, a Roman general who waited until the right moment to strike and then struck hard. The group's ultimate aim was "the reconstruction of society in harmony with the highest moral possibilities."

After twenty years of hard work, writing, publishing and lecturing (George Bernard Shaw for twelve years gave three or more Fabian lectures every two weeks), there were still fewer than 700 Fabians. Suddenly, in 1907, the membership more than doubled. This "little boom," as Beatrice Webb called it, was, she wrote, "mostly due to the increasing reputation of George Bernard Shaw and H.G. Wells," and "perhaps even of Sidney and Beatrice Webb," she added modestly. The MacKenzies write amusingly and at length about these four great Fabian gospelers (they have written an earlier and excellent life of H.G. Wells), and dwell on the far from moral goings-on of some of the lesser luminaries, such as Hubert Bland who kept a *ménage à trois*. But it was not their sexual freedom, nor their dietary eccentricities, which placed the Fabians in the center of British political life so that leaders like Arthur Balfour and Lord Rosebery sought them out and listened to their advice. It was their sheer hard work and total dedication, even more than common faith for, as the MacKenzies rightly note, the Fabians were unsure what they believed and had "fallen into" the Fabian Society, having fallen out of society itself.

Prospective members were carefully screened and once elected, were expected to turn up regularly at meetings, to go out lecturing, sell pamphlets, and generally keep the Fabian name before the public. George Bernard Shaw joined the Society on May 10, 1884, and boasted late in his long life that he had "never missed a Socialist meeting because of a romantic engagement." Explaining his devoted and prosaic labors as Vestryman and Borough Councillor of the Borough of St. Pancras, he wrote, "It is good for me to be worked to the last inch while I last, and I love the reality of the Vestry and its dustcarts."

It was the publication of *Fabian Essays*, edited by George Bernard Shaw, late in 1889 that really put the Fabians on the British political map. The essayists (Shaw, Sidney Webb, Sydney Olivier, Graham Wallas, William Clarke, Annie

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AFTER PLANTING

Brown, dark brown, then black
the farm shifts in the night.
A plowhorse lumbers to his stall,

the work done, then eases in.
Under the weight of his dark flank
the scarred land breathes.

Now as the winter groans
in its harsh and nightmarish sleep,
a seed stirs, then another,

sometimes the whole field quakes—
and though the cold has almost
done us in, rest easy:

there's a passion underfoot,
and it's rising.

Gregory Djanikian

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Besant and Hubert Bland) addressed themselves to the "Basis and Prospects of Socialism." No publisher would take the book, so the Fabians produced it themselves with a cover designed by May, William Morris's daughter, and a frontispiece by Walter Crane. "This epochal work revolutionized the opinion of the British public towards socialism" wrote A. Henderson in *George Bernard Shaw*, and sixty-five years after it appeared it was still selling extremely well. Shaw wrote three prefaces for it, and it was never revised in his lifetime.

The MacKenzies outline three major landmarks in the internal life of the Fabian Society: the publication of the *Fabian Essays*; the foundation of the London School of Economics by Sidney Webb with money left the Fabians by Henry Hutchinson; and the Webb-Wells row which ended in a Webb victory. There were also more general, external landmarks: the division over the South African war and imperialist policy; the break with the Liberals in 1906, and the larger break in 1914 when Shaw's *New Statesman* essay, "Commonsense about the War," though it sold 75,000 copies, alienated many Fabian jingoists such as Rupert Brooke. H.G. Wells wrote then that Shaw was "an idiot child screaming in a hospital." But in 1922 the Fabians scored heavily when Sidney Webb was elected to Parliament from Seaham, and in 1923, when ten Fabians took office under Ramsay MacDonald in the first Labour government in England. MacDonald had earlier been much at loggerheads with the Webbs, and Beatrice in 1911 wrote that he had "ceased to be a Socialist and the Trade Union MPs never were Socialist." How right she was!

The MacKenzies do not seem to care for the Webbs—permeators, manipulators, influence-mongers they call them, and they rejoice retroactively at Webb defeats. Yet it was the Webbs who, for good or evil, laid the foundation of the welfare state, and most of their ideas were accepted in the Beveridge Report of 1942. Beveridge himself was a Webb protégé, taken on by Winston Churchill at their recommendation to help with his scheme of labor exchanges. Furthermore, the Webbs had a gift for friendship and inspired loyalty among their friends. "Quite the cleverest thing I ever did in my life," wrote Shaw, "was to force my friendship on Webb, to extort his and to keep it." The Fabians lived long and mostly stayed close. "Apart from marriage," Sidney Webb wrote Shaw in 1934, their friendship was the "biggest thing in my life."

The MacKenzies are especially good on Fabian tactics: by independence the Fabians "meant the liberty to pick and choose allies as occasion arose. Setting themselves up as covert manipulators and advisers—almost as a lobby of civil servants—they hawked their services to those who might have the means to translate their policies into practice." They were indeed wise to avoid identification with the Liberals whose "confusion confused every reformer," and with the Tories for whom reform was anathema. Belatedly they joined Labour, half aware of the dangers of doing so: MacDonald's alliance with Baldwin led directly to Munich and World War II.

The greatest Fabian achievement, however, the MacKenzies do not stress: that by rejecting Marx in favor of W.S. Jevons (whose *Theory of Political Economy* was published in 1871) British socialism was saved by them from becoming Communist. Except for some shop stewards and trade unionists, British Socialists have successfully avoided Marxism, unlike European Socialists who have been throttled by it. *The Times* (of London) once carried a headline: "Fog in the Channel; Continent Isolated." Thanks to the Fabians, the "fog" of Marxism has never penetrated England where the Fabians tried so hard to build Jerusalem. And, because of the Fabians, Continental Socialists, for better or worse, have been isolated from Britain. □

To Think Is to Say No

SIMONE WEIL: A Life. *By Simone Petrement. Pantheon Books. 577 pp. $15.*

FERNANDE GONTIER

A journalist, a playwright, a poet, a philosopher, a teacher, a factory worker, a soldier in the Spanish Civil War, a young woman whose insights into the downfall of civilization are astounding, Simone Weil, who died at 34 of an alleged suicide by starvation, is one of the most fascinating and controversial figures of the 1930s.

Born in 1909 into the French bourgeoisie—her father was a physician—Simone Weil was troubled very early in life by a disturbing ambivalence with regard to her social background. Barely 8, she refused to wear knee socks in the midst of winter, and went begging from door to door in the resort where the Weils spent the summer. She did not like to dress well: "It would be better if everyone was dressed in the same way and for a 'sou.' That way people could work and no differences could be apparent among them," stated the 10-year-old Simone. The younger of the two children, she tried to emulate her brother who was an unusually gifted child (he became an eminent mathematician), and since she was slower than he, her mathematical accomplishments were largely a matter of sheer will.

These two elements—the supremacy of the will and a genuine concern for the underprivileged—prevailed throughout her life, buoyed up as she was by the philosophy of Alain with whom she studied. Alain advocated good deeds and the practice of willpower as a means to personal freedom. With his now famous statement: "to think is to say 'no,' to reject," Alain influenced the thinking of Weil's whole generation. For her, the rejection of preconceived ideas and conventions was basic to a compassionate understanding of human problems and limitations. And yet, the desire to create a better world remained a theoretical venture preventing her from becoming wholly involved in any one cause. To her contemporaries, she appeared a troubled, intense and controversial figure. Simone de Beauvoir, who had met her at the Ecole Normale and was bewildered by the strange, passive, and yet disquieting personality of Simone Weil, wanted to use her as her opponent in the first draft of what was to become *L'Invitée*. "No!," said Sartre, "Weil is not a character for your novel. She is lost in the open world of problems and ideologies. Find a solid awareness to oppose your own."

A lifetime friend of the family and a university friend, Simone Petrement was asked by the Weils to be their daughter's biographer. The difficulty which followed Petrement throughout the project was the multiplicity of intellectual ventures in which Weil engaged without ever fully committing herself to any one of them: she was never fully a Marxist, or a Jew, or a Catholic. Such a paradoxical character is hard to account for and Petrement too often tries to plead for her friend, and to demonstrate a systematic connection between Weil's theories and

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life. This effort gives the book a tightly knit texture but it also makes for difficult reading and adds a certain repetitiousness to the work. Despite these shortcomings, Simone Petrement's book is a valuable contribution for Weil's readers.

One finds in Weil's work the recurring conviction that one can know neither oneself nor another, and the claim that as a consequence society is the only valid subject matter. One might say she was a true stoic for whom good or bad rests only in intention, in motivation.

But it seems that Weil had in fact two modes of coping with experience: the first was active, analytic, lucid and conscious, and she explored it in the early part of her life by getting involved in the struggles of unions, strikes and factory work; the second was dominated by the unconscious, and was passive and prophetic. Gradually, however, Weil reconciled their conflict by allowing the latter to dominate. She seemed to have achieved a limited awareness of her internal conflicts but in doing so she also increased the burden of selfhood to the point where she found it was scarcely bearable.

Her ambivalence manifested itself not only in her relations to society but also in the way she reacted to possessions. She felt she must get rid of any possessions which revealed her bourgeois background and marked her as a doctor's daughter and yet her peculiar manner of dress always set her apart from those she wished to join. When she started working in the factory, she wore a white blouse. Had she not lived amongst workers, one would understand her lack of knowledge, but having spent a few years working with local unions, it appears strange, to say the least, that she would dress up for the factory like an adolescent on her first day of college. This might be explained by how little attention she paid to the outside world, but it also underlines the ambivalence of her situation. She did not care about her health, but when she became really sick—it happened when she worked in the factory—her wealthy family sent her to Switzerland for a rest cure. Since she held the body responsible for the alienation she was experiencing, she retreated deeper and deeper into her mind and inflicted upon herself increasing hardships until she starved herself to death at the age of 34.

Her goal, as a devoted disciple of Alain, was to seek a condition of elevated consciousness comparable to mysticism. But her guilt was so intolerable that nonexistence seemed preferable to the continued curse of a nonmeaningful life. As early as 1935, she wrote: "Keep pushing myself as long as it will be possible for me—and when the disproportion between the tasks that have to be accomplished and my ability to work has become too great, then die." At this point, she simply retreated from the physical world into the inner recesses of the mind leaving herself no way out. More and more, from 1939 to 1943, she wrote that one's only freedom is in the mind, the only area one can control. From her early childhood, she rejected the "contingencies of the contingent world," refusing, then simply forgetting, to eat and neglecting to dress according to the weather. This was the escape which allowed her to concentrate on the mental sphere where freedom could be found.

The mutual torment of mind and body left Weil at an impasse, burdened by an obsessive sense of guilt. Life was her punishment even though she tried to justify herself by entering the Spanish Civil War and thereby placing herself among the living. Her notes, however, show her obsessed by escape from earliest childhood: "Father, in the name of Christ, grant me this. . . . That I may be unable to will any bodily movement . . . like a total paralytic. That I may be unable to make the slightest connection between two thoughts. . . ." Her political activities convinced her of the futility of action. Her attempt to join the workers was a failure and led to a pattern of conflicts which increased her sense of impotence. She openly admitted her passivity and strangely enough her sexual immaturity as well. She wrote to one of her students: "I was tempted to try to get to know love; I decided not to," for love involves the risk "of becoming the arbiter of another human existence." One must recognize how courageous it is for someone who wanted to understand the mechanisms of society to acknowledge such a profound problem.

Although Weil momentarily saw in communism the revolution that might elevate mankind in its struggle with social order, she also criticized the Soviet Union for creating a system comparable to fascism. In 1933, after a trip to Germany, she wrote a series of articles on the state of the German Communist Party, severely criticizing it for not allying itself with Social Democracy against the Nazis: "The power of the Communist Party, when reduced to its own forces, is in terms of any real action exactly nil." These articles brought a series of confrontations with her friends from the labor unions who thought that, given the circumstances, she should refrain from attacking doctrinal corruptions. But Weil was incapable of even the most sensible compromise.

Despite numerous confrontations Weil was faithful to her friends even when she disapproved of them. She put Trotsky up in her father's apartment when he was in Paris, and proceeded to argue violently with him about the role he played in the Russian Revolution. An unwilling victim of this era's entropy, she herself would not submit to the disintegration of ideas. Pragmatism to her always involved a scandalous acceptance of loss of vitality. Her life was a constant quest for the ideal which her analytical mind was bound to destroy, and while she realized that her ideas could not be put into action, she nevertheless rushed into action without the slightest talent for true involvement, and was, of course, constantly disappointed. In the factories she wished to study the relationship between individuals and the structure to which they contribute, but her physical exhaustion and her continuous headaches made it very difficult for her to synthesize her views. So it is all the more paradoxical to find her writing that man is the master of his destiny, and that everyone is capable of a willed action. Her own passivity and that of her fellow workers are explained in terms of the economic and bureaucratic machine which debases and destroys human beings who are otherwise capable of willed action.

In 1933 she wrote to Simone Petrement that she had decided at last to dedicate herself only to theoretical work. In a long essay, "Reflections on the Cause of Liberty and Social Oppression," she foresaw industrial society evolving toward totalitarian regimes, whether Communist or capitalistic, and predicted that capitalism would be destroyed not by the working class, but by the development of national defense in each country which would then be replaced by a totalitarian state. Her work took another theoretical turn in *The Need for Roots*, where she explored the needs of human beings to preserve their own traditions. This need for roots should not, in her view, be mistaken for the dangerous concept of

AT THE CONFERENCE ON COLD

At the conference on cold
a long-haired student listened.
A scientist lectured on features
for survival in the polar bear.
Someone's breath in the air made
a design that stayed. Snow tapped
the window. In the wall of an alcove
a mouse made a nest of shredded
government secrets. With my pen
I was there, my hands too chilled
to applaud. "We must hurry," someone
was saying: "Glaciers are coming."

Here are my notes for your fire.

William Stafford

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nations. She advocated smaller units in a larger context, somewhat like a federation with regional identities. France, for example, could be divided into many regions all of which are part of a larger and unified Europe. A Frenchman would then have one unmistakable root, his region, and one clear allegiance—Europe. Her main concern, however, remains her respect for human beings: "Anyone who invented a method of assembly that could avoid the extinction of thought in each of the participants would make a revolution in human history comparable to the discovery of fire, or of the wheel."

Weil was never free of her obsession with the fate of the underprivileged nor of her sense of guilt. It is to some degree paradoxical that, as torment, horror, destruction and devastation spread during World War II, Weil's belief in the enduring nature of human spirit and her hope for the future remained undiminished, even as she herself had become resigned to death. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

In June 1976, American Ballet Theatre first presented what is commonly regarded as the granddaddy of all ballet, *The Sleeping Beauty* by Marius Petipa. It was staged by Mary Skeaping, formerly a ballet mistress with the Vic-Wells and Sadler's Wells Ballet. The design was by Oliver Messel, whom ABT charged with re-creating the décor and costumes he had made for the 1946 British production, which marked a kind of investiture of the company that did indeed become *the* Royal Ballet. Of spotless pedigree, ABT's production nevertheless unfurled as a dress rehearsal. Within the last year it has passed under the supervisory eye of Robert Helpmann, has toured several cities, and is now back on the Metropolitan Opera stage in New York. If no longer in the rehearsal stage—the complex stage machinery now works and the dancers know where they're promenading to—this *Sleeping Beauty* is still a dry run. No matter that the beauty and her Prince may happen to be enchanting at a particular performance; no matter that Petipa's and Tchaikovsky's conception is forever immaculate. *The Sleeping Beauty* is too multi-faceted, the import of its plot too softly contoured, to produce the clockwork performability enjoyed by its sister classics, *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*. Winding *The Sleeping Beauty* up does not necessarily make it go. The following comments, culled from two performances in mid-May, may explain why this *Sleeping Beauty* doesn't live up to its reputation.

The Prologue. The courtiers et al. polonaise on with an air of self-importance (an improvement over last June), but with little sense of the occasion. There is no initial recognition of the basket holding the baby Princess Aurora, no recognition of the grand space to which they have been invited for her christening. Thus, the set and the people seem to lead separate existences; that makes the stage ring hollow. A big fanfare heralds the entrance of King and Queen. She looks bored; the King, as played by William Carter, is a picture of Gimbels's Santa Claus on Saturday at 5 P.M. And so he remains—a bedraggled, put-upon witness, in turn, to his daughter's christening, coming-out party, death, resurrection and marriage.

The ensemble dances for the six invited fairies are skimpy, sketched in. These dances are fashioned on the principle of steadily mounting climax, but to start the ball rolling with the fairies and cavaliers doing one measly pirouette into attitude establishes much too modest a base from which to build. The sequence does not reach the lofty proportions it aspires to (two pirouettes into attitude will not do these days), and so the final tableau registers as a peculiar lull rather than as a conclusion.

Marcos Paredes, *en travesti*, is a sarcastic Carabosse, her curse on the baby more spiteful than malevolent. We do not recognize the full force of her evil energy until her carriage zooms her offstage in crazy zigzags. That exit is the ballet's one moment of esprit. Benevolence, in the guise of the Lilac Fairy, can also have esprit. Petipa defines it as large, sweeping *développés* and soothing *bourrées*. The *bourrées*, with which the Lilac Fairy lullabies the castle into slumber, have been eliminated, while the largess of her solo is given a matronly cast. The fuzzily mimed dialogue between good and bad fairy is only one reason why the single extended confrontation in *The Sleeping Beauty* is obscure.

Act I. There are a few improvements. The four suitors to Aurora on her 16th birthday no longer squabble among themselves; it was a bit of *pas d'action*, or dramatic realism, we can do without. Instead of ambling in, the garland dancers now rush on for what is the one ensemble dance in this act. But no sooner does their lively entrance quicken our pulses than their dance—the most lackadaisical garland dance I've ever seen—reclines us into a stupor. Aurora's friends enter with gusto also, providing the necessary buildup to Aurora's fabled entrance—teasing peek-a-boos from behind pillars, immediately resolved by a headlong plunge into full-bodied dancing, in full view. As staged by ABT, Aurora is deprived of a complete prelude, and so the impact of her second, "real" entrance is diminished. We have already caught the sprite.

The contrast between the agitation of the fatal poisoning and the calm reconciliation of sleep is lost not so much through the dancers' failure as through a failure in the pit. With amazing consistency, the ABT orchestra slides by the extraordinary drama in Tchaikovsky's score. This means we are seeing the ballet with about half the steps left out.

Act II. The opening dances by titled and peasant folk are now done in rapid succession, which is all to the good. These social dances are too modest to warrant applause and bowing, but the fact that one follows on the heels of another is no excuse for the dancers to plough through them as though they were one continuous exercise. Last June, the fellow in the cape did a delightfully low-keyed saraband; its little flourishes and precise figures told us he was a princely Prince. Now he does an archly pensive solo in the style of Nureyev pretending to be Ashton, which quite inexplicably places *The Sleeping Beauty* in the (revisionist) 20th century.

None of those who dance Aurora understands that the ensuing vision scene, in which the Lilac Fairy conjures Aurora and nymphs to give the Prince a sense of direction, is choreographed as a gentle seduction. One can sense that intent by the relatively twisting shapes Petipa has arranged for Aurora when she dances with the Prince. Of course, these ideas are also in the music; its sense is so commanding and compelling, it's a wonder the dancers cannot hear it also. However, ABT Auroras seem to feel that their imaginary state of existence at this time precludes exertion of soft-spoken will, of power to provoke the Prince into a state of desire. Given the ballet's themes of maturation and love, it would seem that the Princess must want to be awakened as much as the Prince wants to awaken her. Though the entire vision is conceived as a second round of peek-a-boo (preceded in some versions, though not ABT's, by a round of blindman's buff for the mortals), ABT puts it in a dreamy state of suspension, as though it were the dance of the shades in *La Bayadère*.

The scene concludes on a knowing stroke of psychology. Petipa and Tchaikovsky arrange the action so that the

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vision of Aurora and her retinue drop out of sight in one quick whoosh. Now you see me; now you don't. For the Prince, this disappearing act is the final pricking of his will to action. Tchaikovsky marks the prick with a delicate but resolute plunk; the Prince's response, by an onrush of new melody. Simply because the ABT nymphs do not leave the stage invisibly, as it were, the ensuing upsurge in musical intensity seems nonsensical. Without a coquettish vision scene, a quality by which Petipa often describes femininity in his libretto, there is little impetus for the Prince's awakening, when he proclaims his quest to the Lilac Fairy. Without that sense of quest and the energy contained in it not even the new panorama scene, in which the Prince and Lilac Fairy travel through time and space to the real sleeping beauty, can render *her* awakening the dramatic climax of the ballet.

Nevertheless, the gongs chime and Aurora awakens—not with a caress of the hand, as the Prince learns by trial and error, but with a kiss on the lips. He supports her in arabesque amidst the court's rejoicing, and the curtain falls. Many in the audience start packing up to go home until neighbors remind them that one more act follows, the wedding celebration. This confusion supports the argument in favor of having the awakening proceed into the wedding, without intermission. (In that format, the intermission would come somewhere after the vision but before the awakening.) There is another argument for the arrangement. A back-to-back structure is in accord with Petipa's most characteristic and wonderful pacing device: climax topped by second, super-climax. Just about all of Petipa's codas thrill us by that surprise, and I imagine that to bound right into the wedding *divertissement* just after having witnessed what we thought to be the real conclusion would swoop us into as exhilarating a tailspin as the double-climax dances produce. On the other hand, were the journey to Aurora undertaken with full measure, it would be frustrating for the embarkation and arrival to be interrupted by an intermission.

Just where the break should be—before the panorama/awakening or before the wedding—is a relevant debate, however, only when there is a dramatic line to be adhered to. American Ballet Theatre's *Sleeping Beauty* has not yet reached that point of refinement. About all one can hope for are decently danced variations from the fairies, Aurora, the Prince and the storybook characters who assemble to celebrate the wedding—fifteen first-rate dancers. Precious few have been very good—Cynthia Gregory's

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Aurora most of the time, Martine van Hamel's Aurora some of the time, Marianna Tcherkassky's Blue Bird, Kristine Elliott in the Florestan *pas de trois*, Rebecca Wright's Fairy of the Songbirds, Elizabeth Ashton as the White Cat. Most have been so-so; some not good at all. That they all populate the stage under an umbrella known as *The Sleeping Beauty* is still a four-act coincidence. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

First produced and well received by the press in 1953, Jane Bowles's *In the Summer House* is now enjoying a revival at the Manhattan Theatre Club (until May 29). The original production didn't achieve a box-office success—it ran for only fifty-five performances. It is not the kind of play ever likely to be popular, but it deserves to be set down as one of the really good pieces of American writing for the theatre.

When I saw it I cracked a perhaps unapt joke, saying that it showed what WASPs are like and no one mistook my meaning. There is a certain madness (caught so well in the novels of William Faulkner) that appears endemic to our "provinces." It crops up among people who are not humanly nourished by their environments. They suffer a kind of atrophy of the spiritual and mental faculties, and thus seem ordinary to themselves and casual observers. For a long time they were regarded not only as typical but as normal. Just before and immediately after World War I, our writers—Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson and others—revealed them to us. Their habitat was presumed to have been in the Middle West and the South. The colors employed to depict them were a dusty gray. In Jane Bowles's play the setting is on the coast of Southern California; the tone is heightened by the proximity of Mexico and the infusion of Mexicans. A comic beam is thrown on the play's surface, relieving what might otherwise be depressing.

Gertrude Eastman Cuevas, the widow of a husband she speaks of as Spanish, occupies a small house on a cliff overlooking the sea. She has a teen-age daughter, Molly, who sequesters herself in a sort of alcove which both mother and daughter call "the summer house." Here Molly silently sits wool-gathering or reading the comic strips; no explanation is given for this and none is required. Gertrude Eastman indulges in long, homiletic harangues: she appeals to Molly to take some active interest in her surroundings, to be more expansive. Gertrude has cut herself off from everything but the memory of her past with a husband who was more outgoing than she. But she has nothing besides advice to offer Molly; she seems to like no one, regards most of her sparse neighbors with suspicion or disdain in what appears to be some vague sense of superiority. Even in her concern for her daughter there is little warmth.

Molly is, therefore, an entirely withdrawn character, but since her mother is her only contact with the "world," she is jealous of her possession of it. When Vivian, the daughter of another widow, a visitor to the vicinity, a Mrs. Constable of New England stock, comes to make friends with Molly, rather than welcoming her, Molly hates her. Vivian is in almost the same state as Molly, but where Molly retreats from everyone, Vivian is almost hysterically eager to attach herself to Mrs. Eastman, to Molly, to anyone. The only person Vivian evades is her own mother; in fact, she refuses to lodge in the same place with her, even forbids her mother to follow her too closely. Mrs. Constable is all dry nervousness without the emotional sap and living force to sustain her daughter.

Mrs. Eastman tries to save herself by marrying another "Spaniard"—he is probably Mexican—a man of some means, with the appendage of a sister and her large brood of children—all bouncing with Latin gusto. She encourages Molly, still almost a child, to marry Lionel, a juvenile employee in one of those ramshackle eating places, the Lobster Bowl, one sees at regular intervals along the Southern California seacoast. Mrs. Eastman goes to Mexico to live with her new husband and his kin. Molly acquiesces to marriage with Lionel.

In the second act, we find Molly, still inexpressive, living quietly with Lionel on the premises of the Lobster Bowl. The couple's life consists in playing cards and sleeping peacefully together. While he works she continues her reading of the comics. Lionel, mild and confusedly introspective, harbors an inchoate yearning to become either a religious leader or a politician. He becomes restive and decides to give up his job and join his brother in St. Louis where they will go into some small business together. Molly is too passive for any desire to move; if she should refuse to join Lionel in the plan, he is determined to go to St. Louis without her.

Mrs. Constable now hangs around the Lobster Bowl for company, Lionel's and that of the restaurant's down-to-earth female attendant. She has taken to drinking more than a little. Mrs. Eastman returns from Mexico; she has found that she cannot abide the free and easy, noisily fun-loving manners of her husband and his family's (Mexican) way of life. She now clings to Molly, wants her to stay with her. Mrs. Constable urges Molly to free herself from her mother, to go with Lionel. Mrs. Eastman, in fighting to keep Molly, goes so

WHERE THEY LIVED

Timber and coal wood did not last forever.
Water wheels at Ashland, Graystone, Wells
Wood and Packersville have moved into the river.
Law came at last to Satan's Kingdom.

Only wind slides by the ridges of Mt. Riga
where iron works have closed their eyes;
and the old madness at Dudleytown
has gone into new woods that root
In centuries of chestnut leaves.

Across the land in small cemeteries
granite remains above the lives
Piled in neat rows underground;
beneath the matted grass
slabs of worn stone lead to the ruins

the places we must leap from.
In April the sigh I think I hear
breaking through the thawed earth
Is only the day reach of lilies.

William DeVoti

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far as to threaten her with telling Mrs. Constable that, out of jealousy of Vivian, who had been "making up" to Mrs. Eastman, Molly had pushed Vivian off a cliff to her death. To protect Molly, Mrs. Constable refuses to listen to the accusation, though she knows it is true. Mrs. Eastman in turn realizes that she too in her younger days had been plagued by a jealousy similar to her daughter's. Molly is released and will forever be attached to Lionel.

I have gone into more "story" detail than I customarily do to indicate the play's rather novelistic density, and to suggest the sort of emotional starvation that besets its characters. The result is eccentricity or mutism, which may turn to violence. But none of this conveys the play's individual style; the writing is direct and low-keyed, of subdued irony, unpointedly humorous, without obvious edge, yet unmistakably keen. We know what is going on without the use of stress or amplification: the total effect is neuter and somehow eloquent. The Mexicans are charmingly hilarious. Mrs. Constable is cruelly or heartbreakingly funny, the youngsters are touching. All are convincing.

The performances are good: especially Leora Dana's as Mrs. Constable; Kristin Griffith as Molly, pretty and seemingly erased, is well-placed in the story; William Carden as Lionel strikes the right note of pained bewilderment and struggle for consciousness of self; Antonia Rey, as the most effusive of the Mexicans, supplies the needed contrast to the danger of drabness in the dramatic landscape, and Carolyn Coates, somewhat off-type as Gertrude Eastman Cuevas, serves the play loyally. Within physically limited means the director Stephen Hollis and the designer John Kasarda have done their jobs well.

In a curious way Tennessee Williams's *Vieux Carré* strikes me as still another revival (St. James Theatre). A mood and a matter are repeated which have been dramatized in several of Williams's earlier plays.

The milieu is that of a run-down boarding house in the Vieux Carré or French Quarter of New Orleans. The goings-on are narrated by a young and indigent homosexual, who is remembering them and recording them in both a past and present time scale. His next-room neighbor is a homosexual painter who ekes out a living by making portraits of tourists. He drinks and is ridden by tuberculosis. On the same landing opposite these men are a couple: a handsome man who works as a barker and hustler at a local dive; with him is a young woman of good breeding and looks, sick with a fatal blood disease. She is magnetized by the pull of the fellow's superb physique. The landlady of the resort is an indomitable, hard-beaten, crusty harridan who allows two half-crazed old women derelicts to live alongside her kitchen rent-free. Except for those no longer capable of sex, they all ride on the streetcar named desire.

Sylvia Sidney as the landlady is excellent, even in her Southern accent; she brings a gritty humor and a fund of spiteful understanding which lend sympathy to the role. Tom Aldredge makes the moribund painter credible and pitiful without making him mawkish. The heterosexual lovers, at times semi-nude or entirely so, acted by Diane Kagan and Reb Brownell, also elicit belief in their situation.

The dialogue has some of the usual felicities of Williams's writing, though they are signs of a weakening in precision. There is a certain wretched honesty and boldness in several of the scenes but they also seem tired: the tune has too often been replayed. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The term "alternate spaces" is used in the art world to refer to the places in which art can be seen outside existing commercial galleries. These include ongoing artists' cooperative galleries, artist-arranged temporary exhibitions, like the recent "Whitney Counterweight," and public access to artists' studios. The latter form is that used by "10 Downtown." Each year for the last ten years, during two or three weekends in the spring, artists have opened their studios and publicized the fact in unison. The annual collaboration has now shown 100 artists, and an historical survey is being planned for exhibition at 112 Greene Street in the fall. (Will it be based on new work or on works from the years of the artists' original participation? Artists usually want to show their latest, but I hope that the selection will follow the historical sequence.)

The show is, in a sense, hereditary: each year the artists nominate their successors, one each, so theoretically one can trace a line back from this year's participants to each of the initial ten. The organization is completely dependent on the artists: they not only pay $250 each for printing and publicity, their sustained interest is required in se-

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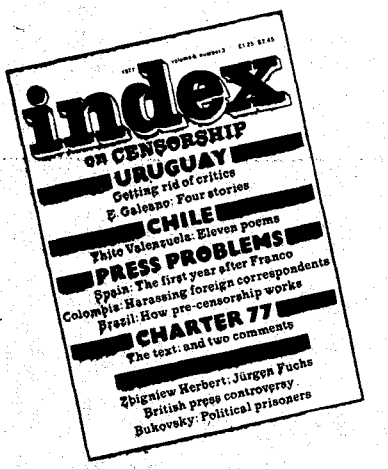

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lecting the next group and handing on information. The studios this year were located between West 19th Street on the north and Canal Street on the south, between Hudson Street on the west and the Bowery on the east, which is pretty much the area in which the studios are located every year.

The artists are not kids from school, early arrivals: the method of selection filters out the merely eager. All are artists with a solid record of work but, for one reason or other, no corresponding record of exhibitions. "10 Downtown" therefore cuts across the bottleneck of the commercial galleries' limited ability to absorb new artists and the myopia of New York curators. In some years attendance has been dishearteningly low, leaving the bored artist more or less alone in his or her turned-out and cleaned-up loft. This year, however, attendance was extraordinarily high (even allowing for occasional exaggerations). Most of the artists reported attendances of well over 100 a day (which would be a very good turnout for a gallery), rising especially high at a studio on Greene Street with two artists at one SoHo address.

What is the reason for this exceptional interest? It cannot be the attraction of individual artists because most of them could not have been known to visitors beforehand (although I am an art critic, I knew only one in advance). Is there increasing public acceptance of "alternate spaces"? Was it the good weather? Spillover from SoHo on Saturdays? Probably it was the result of a well-timed story in *The New York Times* about "10 Downtown," accompanied by a map. Significantly, it was not a piece of art criticism written by one of the house reviewers but a news story. The *Times*' reviewers have been no friends to the "alternate spaces." However, the *Times* has a disproportionate influence on its art-interested readers, the authority of its news coverage rubbing off like newsprint onto arts and leisure subjects. Hence this year's boosted attendance.

I saw the artists in one day and have something to say about half of them. (I missed one artist, a film maker: it is not that I begrudged the forty-five minutes that the film runs but his and my understanding of the whereabouts of a fifth-floor loft on Wooster Street failed to coincide.) The artists not named here are not being put down: it is simply that one cannot discuss everybody equally cogently after a brief contact. The following comments are in alphabetical order.

Brian Bomeisler's paintings are large horizontals, with something of the stretched effect that one felt looking at CinemaScope screens when they were new. They are dark textural expanses which gradually reveal themselves as images of dark floors. He uses wax, graphite, powdered metal to build up an eventful dark surface, which is identified as a floor by occasional traces of perspective lines, plunging light reflections (from sources outside the picture area), and tiny upper margins of wall and door. The oblique-angled close-up view of floors, is, I suppose, identified with Sylvia Mangold's paintings, but her handling is crisp and clear: Bomeisler's dark polished floors are like becalmed midnight seas by Albert Pinkham Ryder. A fascinating mixture of the literal and the romantic.

William Kopp's work proposes an interesting relation of painting and sculpture. The works are done flat, on a skin of wire mesh, thick plastic, and found materials (ashes, earth, whatever). The artist cuts them, usually in classic geometric forms; then they are suspended. The heaped-up surface is heavy, so that the originally flat surface rolls up and buckles as a result of the tug between gravity and the points of suspension. These massive, curved surfaces are like primal serapes or, as one of them is entitled, "Hovering Armor." Kopp's transformation of two- into three-dimensional form is both subtle and robust.

Ann Pachner's sculpture is expertly carpentered, with new pine, so that her chairs and tables have the fresh aspect of unused furniture in a retail outlet. However two of the chairs are interlocked, one is (literally) under the table, another is raised off the floor on a dark wall parallel to the real wall. Her furniture is not like that in André Masson's paintings, crudely anthropomorphized, but it is agitated. It is as if the furniture had been thrown about by a poltergeist who has then memorialized the mobile objects at classic points. The violations of the normal usage of objects is self-expressive, but countered by the exact craft of the literal objects. (For this reason Pachner's real-size objects seem better to me than her reduced forms, in which symbolism is freer.)

Stephen See, like other sculptors at present, is interested in working on the site: site-specific sculpture often consists of flexible units that can open or contract in accordance with the space of different environments. See, however, builds solid forms in relation to given space. The two pieces in his studio were of bridge forms, taking their scale from the interiors in which they were made. There is on one hand a sense of the work's physical bulk, as a result of the forms' dramatic abutment of wall and floor; but on the other hand intimacy is not excluded because of analogies with the scale of archways and mantlepieces in neoclassical houses.

Mary Ann Ungar combines, in her own terms, systematic and organic forms, a reconciliation that has interested American sculptors since Eva Hesse. Ungar uses forms that are sometimes as rotund as Henry Moore's, but she links them in identical chains. The units are individually plump and ripe, but their progression, or their pairing, has an absolute conceptual clarity. Her curved, taut surfaces, even but strongly characterized by touch, support the fusion of the two kinds of forms, sensuously inflected but logically continuous. □

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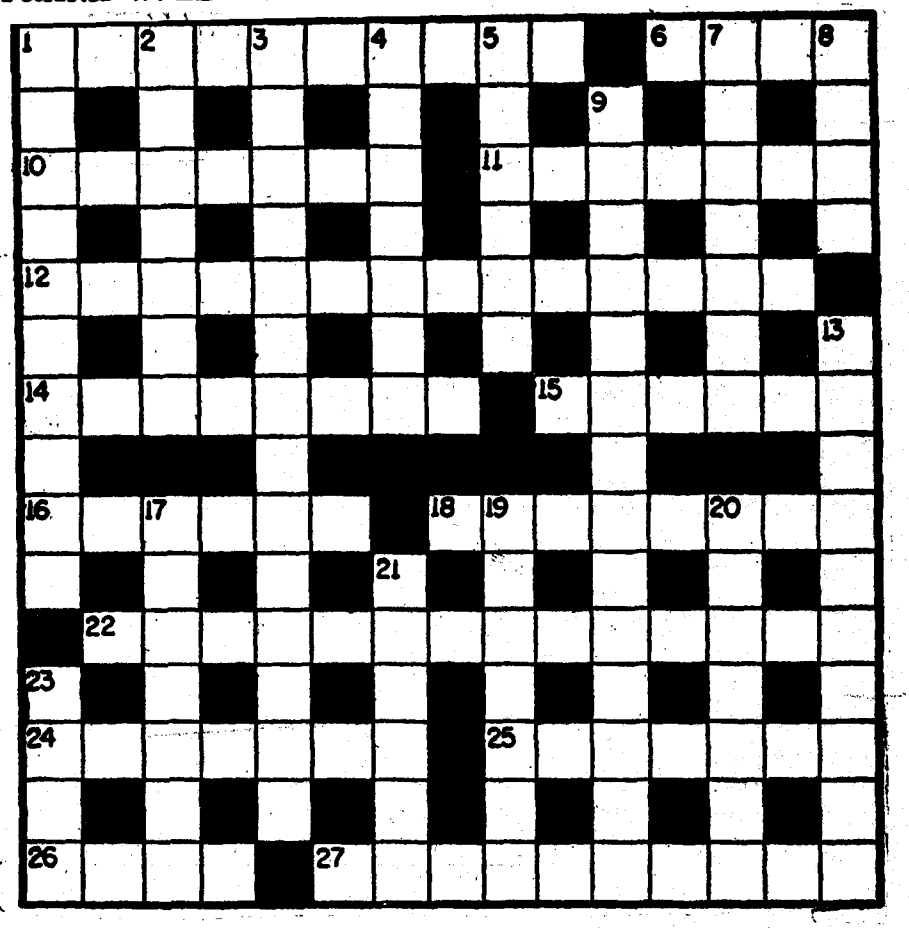

ACROSS

1 How some straps are held, though they don't take part in the act. (10)
6 and 26 Denies profit states? (8)
10 Is she in France obviously feminine? (7)
11 One probably doesn't remember being in them. (7)
12 Associated with a description of those who made wood cuts, do they specialize in seascapes? (7,2,5)
14 Evidently peers under this so-called invasion. (8)
15 Notice the opening coming? (6)
16 Greedily eats such birds? (6)
18 Pouring forth. (8)
22 Not necessarily precocious, but intelligent ahead of time to be so. (6,3,5)
24 Some like it with their coffee. (7)
25 He might have distributed coin of the realm—no change, however. (7)
26 See 6 across
27 Charles and James Stuart, Young and Old. (10)

DOWN

1 Hip money and more conventional meals, sometimes descriptive of a model. (10)
2 The arrangement of a suite at this place is different. (7)
3 Everyone's health and morals are excellent, just the same! (3,4,3,4)
4 Did he write "Deer Sir" incorrectly? (7)
5 Approve of the fairy sort, kind of square in the middle, almost. (6)
7 It's current on the island to show growth. (7)
8 Through which the unwary are made to pay. (4)
9 Play a person with a comic strip character? (3,3,8)
13 Balances metal in several-foot sections. (10)
17 A point to check about how to make poetry. (7)
19 The worker is certainly not over-fond of candy! (7)
20 Where you might find a pilot light within shooting distance. (2,5)
21 Hanger-on? (6)
23 Follower of the Gospels. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1680

ACROSS: 1 Pintails; 5 and 18 Double negative; 10 Spatula; 11 Callers; 12 Tract; 13 Neckpiece; 14 Viper; 16 Roadmaps; 19 Microbes; 22 Nerve; 24 Horseshoe; 26 Mecca; 28 Restful; 29 Bengali; 30 Easing; 31 Straddle. DOWN: 1 and 23 Positive charge; 2 Nyasa; 3 Adulterer; 4 Learner; 6 Orlop; 7 Beekeeper; 8 Easter; 9 Acacia; 15 Primroses; 17 Monomania; 20 Beheld; 21 Sherbet; 25 Elfin; 27 Chard.

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